Dr A H Strickler
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The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

VOCATION.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

O Master! Thou who knowest everything,
Knowest how day by day
The same sad question to Thy cross I bring;
What, Master, dost Thou say?

What wilt Thou have me do for Thy dear sake
With hand, and head, and heart?
Shall I like Martha serve? or shall I take
Calm Mary's better part?

Or harder ways that later saints have found—
Is any of *these* mine?
I ask, and long—and still there comes no sound
From those pale lips of Thine

Ah! what if Thou *hast* spoken, dearest Lord,
And I regardless still
Have lost the whispered counsel of the Word,
Following my own wild will?

And what if Thou, unheeded thus, should'st pass,
Nor ever speak again;
While I, still longing, see the years, alas!
Wasted in wishes vain?

Nay, nay, dear Master! at Thy feet I cling;
I will not let Thee go
Till back within my sorrowing soul thou bring
The peace I used to know;

Till Thou forgive me all, and re-awake
The love that once was mine.
Oh! take my heart, and make it bend or break,
If it be only Thine!

—*Churchman.*

Selections.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTIANITY.

This open secret of our nascent Christianity, winning its first victories, is equally the secret of its continuance, of its revival from declension, of its final triumphs. The one vital thing about it, the hiding of all its strength, is the felt Divinity of the Man of Nazareth.

Orthodoxy of creed is no equivalent for this immediate sense and apprehension of God in Christ. History warns us. Itself being judge, no church was ever more orthodox than the Greek Church, ancient and modern, and hardly any Church is now more nearly dead. Theology proper, which our students recite to-day, is essentially what Athanasius and the Gregories made it and left it. Even the Occidental *filioque* had some friends in the Orient; affirmed by Epiphanius and Marcellus of Ancyra, and not denied by Athanasius, Basil, or Gregory of Nyssa. So, also, is our construction of the Person of Christ essentially Greek. Christologically, Westminster repeats Chalcedon. Consider now the Greek *Orthodoxa Confessio* of 1643: "What shall an orthodox and catholic Christian hold to in order to be saved?' The answer is: "Right faith and good works." But "What is faith?' And again the answer is: "To believe and profess the One and Triune God, with whatever else the Church has œcumenically taught." Such faith is clearly not dynamic, but only historic. The dogmas save. No wonder the Greek Church is so nearly dead.

And what better is our own orthodoxy, as mere orthodoxy, with its completed anthropology, soteriology, and whatever else, except that it has gone over more ground, with a more exact triangulation? Systematic theology has, of course, its office and its rights like any other science, physical or metaphysical. Orthodoxy is always better than heresy, in whatever direction or degree; but orthodoxy is sometimes only a dead man's robe. The faith which Jude speaks of as once for all delivered to the saints is not some elaborate system—Nicene, nor Athanasian, nor any other; but simply the apostolic, elementary, concrete Gospel of God in Christ, reconciling and regenerating the world.

Neither is ecclesiasticism an equivalent for this immediate sense and apprehension of God in Christ. History warns us again. In Latin Christianity Rome became for the second time mistress of the world, conquering her conquerors. In doctrine she accepted the Greek conclusions, and added others of her own, advancing the œcumenic creed; but in worship she went down too willingly toward childish barbarism, and in government imposed a yoke more suitable for oxen than for men.

Forms of worship among us are now under discussion and are worth discussing, if there be possibility of improvement in either direction, whether toward more or toward less of ceremony and fixedness; but sharp and stinging personalities of debate are eighteen centuries behind the time. Our Lord's Prayer comes twice in the Gospels and was given twice to His disciples. True prayer has always the same inspiration and the teacher is always ready.

We are also Presbyterians, most of us—some by birth, others by adoption, all by preference; but we are Catholic Presbyterians. Other sheep the Shepherd has, which are not of this fold. The folds are many, while the flock is one.—*Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D.*

BRINGING OUT AND BRINGING IN.

"He brought us *out* from thence that He might bring us *in*." Israel could not reach the promised land and yet remain in Egypt. What is recorded in this suggestive line in the book of Deuteronomy, applies to every soul which has been brought by the grace of God out of the bondage of sin and Satan. Regeneration turns a slave into Christ's freedman, with a right to all the privileges of a child of God. Christ is the Liberator. Conversion does not signify sinless perfection. Israel left Egypt, but there was a long march, and many a hard bivouac and still harder battle, before the first foot was planted in the land of milk and honey. So every Christian must encounter constant conflict and undergo constant discipline on his march to heaven; the first hour of perfection he will experience will be the one he spends after the pearly gate has shut him in. The pitiable thing is that some Christians carry too much of the spirit and tastes of Egypt with them, and sigh for its "flesh-pots."

True conversion means a new departure. It is known by its fruits. The only religion worth seeking or having, is the one which brings a man out of old habits into new ones, and revolutionizes his whole style of thought and living. A father told me that he detected the conversion of his son by his different treatment of his mother and himself on the Monday morning. The Sabbath sermon had brought the youth to Christ, and without saying anything about it, he began to do kind acts that he had never thought of before. Converting grace can no more conceal itself than a burning lamp or a blazing fire. When A— begins to use his misspent Sunday afternoons in helping a mission school, when B— clears the decanter and the cards off his table, and lays on it the Bible, when penurious C— thaws out his purse by sending loads of coal to the poor, and by dropping an "X" into the contribution-plate, when D— stops his Sunday morning secular paper, and says "Wife, isn't it time we begun to have family prayer?" and when E— hunts up his old creditors and pays them off with interest—we discover good evidence that the grace of God is at work. These people have taken a new departure. Old things are passing away, and some things are becoming new. When God's Spirit touches a man's heart, we soon see the change on the dial-plate.

There is one sort of coming out that is imperatively demanded in these days, and that is a coming out from the spirit and fashions and usages of an ungodly world into a self-denying conformity to Christ. It has become very common to ornament the walls of dwellings with illuminated texts and mottoes. A thorough-going Christian friend of ours has it inscribed on his walls, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord"—and he aims to live up to it. A very appropriate motto for some houses that are elegant in their upholsteries (and also in their convivialities), would be this one: "Be ye not conformed to the world." Christ and this world have never yet been happily married. No man can serve two masters. Compromises are the devil's baits. The moment we quit the ground of consecration to Christ, and begin to walk "one mile" with sinners, they will soon compel us to "go with them twain." If we yield the "coat" of consistency, they will soon rob us of the "cloak" of character. We can never bring the world over to Christ by meeting it halfway, and agreeing to live with it on a middle ground. Moses had left Egypt for Canaan, and when he tried to win Hobab, he did not offer to stay with him, but said to him, "*Come, go with us*, and we will do thee good." Nor can we bring souls into heaven unless we have ourselves turned our backs on sins and the snares of an "evil world."

This comparatively unnoticed text, "He brought us out that He might bring us in," has a beautiful application to the home-going of the heir of heaven. Death is a going and a coming too. "She is *gone!*" exclaims the heart-broken mother as she sees the lips of a precious daughter become white, and the pulse become motionless. "She has *gone!*" may be the joyful exclamation up in the Father's home of glory, when the pure spirit enters into the joy of her Lord. Out of the cold and the suffering and the temptations of this life, into the warmth and the brightness and the bliss of the life everlasting!

"Out of the pain of night-watching removed
Into the sleep that God gives His beloved,
Into the dawn of a glad resurrection,
Into the house of unbroken affection,
Into the joy of her Lord—thence confessing
Death in disguise is His angel in blessing."

—*Evangelist.*

PULPIT STILE.

"The popularity of 'pulpit oratory' is such as to inspire too many windy and wordy preachers with an ambition to be eloquent, forgetting that the Master whom they are expected to imitate in word and deed used only the simplest diction, and spoke 'even as a little child.' The great power of Moody and Spurgeon lies to a great extent in the force of simplicity which marks their utterances, and the entire absence of an effort to display. There is a young man in Richmond, Va., whose oratory is much admired by the highfalutin' class, and his sermons, as published, are full of high-sounding expressions, seven-story adjectives, and obsolete words. For example, in a recently published sermon from his pulpit appear such expressions as the 'primordial firemist,' 'uncommeasurable eternities,' 'redemption-conditioned creation,' 'internal self-determination impaled upon the sharp retribution of an overmastering omnipotence,' 'the ethical activity of inert masses,' 'the interior divinity flashing forth in transfiguring splendor and revealing the separateness of the Son of God,' 'the atonement from which Jehovah mapped the atlas of immensity,' and others like them. This sort of preaching may be edifying to saints who like an absurd mysticism, but a poor sinner who is seeking salvation and crying for pardon at the foot of the cross would not find very much comfort and consolation in this rocky sort of literature. Imagine the Sermon on the Mount translated into this kind of English, or the parable of the prodigal son jammed full of jaw-twisting words like a boom full of logs in high water.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"MAN HAS BUT ONE CHANCE."

"Gentlemen, this universe, up to the edge of the tomb, is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right hand and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career, a man has but one chance. Even if you come weighted into the world, as Sindbad was with the Old Man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth, and right on. The wandering, squandering, desiccated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth; and the universe might be searched, probably in vain, for such a spring. Waste your youth; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; in it you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws. It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but, on the other side, these are the truths of bliss; for, by this very law through which all character tends to become unchanging, a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk and is delivered once for all from its torture and unrest. It has passed the bourn, from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law is the keeper of His sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of His hand. Himself, without variableness or shadow of turning, He maintains the irreversibleness of all natural forces, one of which is the insufferably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good, as well as bad."—*Rev. Joseph Cook, D. D.*

RELIGIOUS TACT.

Tact is essential to success. Yet, from the conduct of very well disposed individuals, it would appear that tact, in matters of religion, had no place. But it cannot be supposed that when enjoined to be instant in season and out of season it is implied that tact is to be wholly ignored. What is tact? In the world at large tact is the ability to think the right thing, say the right word, and do the right deed at the most fitting moment. Possessed of tact, mediocrity may outshine genius and reap harvests it has never sown. Tact lubricates the wheels of system; and it is peculiarly important in religious services in order that all things may be done and said decently and in order. One of the reasons assigned in explanation of the numerical success of the latest revival movement of modern times is the cleverness with which popular sentiment is gauged and the adroitness of those who have placed themselves at its head. No observer can attend gatherings of the kind referred to without noticing how completely the control of the assembly is vested in the hands of the chairman. Both hearers and speakers are subject to one directing mind, and hence the proceedings are never so wearisome as those which take place under circumstances where the success of a whole programme is often jeopardized by the indiscretion or selfishness of one man, who, if he possesses tact, does not exercise it. Indeed, the arrangement of most religious meetings in this country leaves to haphazard what should have been the subject of much preliminary thought. Latterly, an attempt has been made to obviate the inevitable repetitions which must result from the lack of plan by assigning to each speaker a particular theme. But wherein is the advantage, if one speaker is so selfish as to monopolize an hour, crippling those who follow, and necessitating the summary curtailment of the programme? It is not difficult to recall such instances of want of tact, and it would be well were public men to learn that on occasions when some half a dozen celebrities are announced to speake after eight o'clock p. m., they should confine their remarks to a twenty-minutes' delivery. In that time it is possible to speak matter sufficient to fill more than one of the columns of the daily newspapers; and surely in that space a man who has studied to express himself clearly may convey to his hearers all that they are capable of carrying away upon one side of a question at one sitting. Chairmen of meetings require much tact. Their business is to divine the mood of the audience and so to humor it that interest may never flag, for interest is the first step to easy acquirement of knowledge, and knowledge obtained through its aid is rarely lost.

But not alone do men accustomed to a public capacity need tact. There are those who now and then find themselves thrust into prominence, and learn that their words have greater weight than they could have supposed. Some persons take advantage of the opportunity, and abuse it by lecturing or sermonizing those who are compelled to listen to them. They wish to be instant out of season, and, as a consequence, become most objectionable to their fellow-Christians and the object of ridicule to the world. They succeed, it is true, in scattering religious truths after a fashion; but of what avail are their efforts when common-sense and good taste alike are offended by them? In contrast to such men with their awkward knack of making everybody uncomfortable, are others who make no parade of their own goodness, but nevertheless are keenly alive to opportunities, and sow precious seed when the ground is most ready to receive it. They are not troubled in spirit if such opportunities do not frequently occur, for they know full well that in maintaining a consistent behavior they may be helping the good work of others forward, and are not to be disheartened if their own reward is not palpable. Men and women who are eager to do active service as laborers in the vineyard, and who do seem to work incessantly, wonder how it is that some poor, patient invalid, who, resting upon her couch, cannot participate in the out-of door excitement, exerts a greater religious influence than the most zealous of their number; or how it is that the silver-haired old man, who enters sympathetically into the struggles and trials of youth, who is as ready to talk of subjects which interest the feelings of common humanity as he is of the treasures he has laid up above, commands so great respect, and how his every word is not merely listened to, but is remembered, repeated, and re-told. The secret is, that the invalid has leisure to reflect, and acquires a gentle tact; and the aged man has lived long enough to know that the way to reach men's hearts is difficult, and that a consistent silence is of greater value than arrogant and aggressive speech. There is danger, indeed, of true believers becoming too indulgent to the ways of the world; but if they take care to draw their inspiration from on high, they need never be at a loss to know how to serve God and man, while with fervor, also with tact.—*Churchman.*

WITHOUT CONTROVERSY.

If thou wouldst learn Christian charity, and maintain the love of the brethren, beware of controversy, *disputes* and contentions in matters of religious opinion. This is the spirit of Heathenish Philosophy and worldly wisdom that has crept in and adulterated the simplicity of the Christian spirit; and is the great engine through which the dragon plays his floods of division upon the Church of Christ, and under a covert of zeal wounds the love, eats out the charity, and defeats the operation of the spirit of peace and unity, making the children of God oppose, fight against, and wound one another, and so destroy the meek life and love of Christ in each other. This is an evil, to be deplored with a sea of tears; nay, it has cost a sea of blood. Christian, if thou be wise, let thy brother's opinions alone, for it is not by opinion, but practice, that both he and thou art to be judged.—*Selected.*

TRIALS ISSUING IN JOY.

It would no doubt promote piety were we frequently to dwell upon the many instances in which our sorest trials have issued in our richest joys. How often have our choicest comforts grown out of our deepest distresses and our most exhilarating joys blossomed on the soil enriched by our keenest anguish. Is there any vale of tears without its sunny heights of happiness? any mount of pleasure without its corresponding valley of sorrow? May we receive prosperity without being elated, adversity without becoming dejected, trials without murmuring—all things becometh those whose richest treasures are in heaven.—*Selected.*

No man ever sailed over exactly the same route that another sailed over before him. Every man who starts on the ocean of life arches his sails to an untried breeze. Like Coleridge's mariner, he is "the first that ever burst into that lonely sea."—*William Matthews.*

Family Reading.

GOING HOME.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgag! Quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey towards "God's Acre"—
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary;
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home!

—*Selected.*

GUSTAVUS VASA.

The life of the great Swedish king, Gustavus Vasa, is invested with all the splendor of romance. His birth occurred in 1495, and it was then asserted there was a red cross upon his breast, which was considered an omen of his future glory. As the boy advanced in years he displayed energy and qualities of leadership which made the nobles and peasants look to him for deliverance from their woes.

In 1520, Christian, "the Tyrant," king of Denmark, conquered Sweden. Solemnly was his promise given to the stricken people that his rule should be just and merciful, but his heart was false and cruel. The first act after his coronation was bloody and atrocious. At his command many Swedish noblemen were executed, and among them was Gustavus' father.

Through treachery Gustavus fell into the tyrant's hands and was carried to Denmark with many others. Weeks and months went by, and he suffered all the horrors of strict confinement, and grew hopeless and deepairing. At Kalloe Castle, in Jutland, there lived a good man, Sir Erick Baner, who had much influence over Christian. He earnestly pleaded to be allowed to take the young man to his home and care for him, promising to guard him carefully, and to pay a fine of 500 pounds if he escaped. The king consented, and Gustavus was conveyed to Sir Erick's house, where he was treated with the consideration due his high rank. He ate at the old man's table, and was allowed to go where he pleased, within the range of six miles, having first given a verbal and written promise that he would make no attempt to escape.

The heart of Gustavus was filled with love and gratitude for Sir Erick, yet there was poison and bitterness which he could not cast out. He could not forget he was a prisoner through the basest treachery. Rumors of murders and desolation came from Sweden, and hatred for Christian and a longing for revenge burned hotly in his soul. He began to cherish hopes of escape, and of leading his countrymen to throw off the yoke of the oppressor. A wise secret plan was formed.

Gustavus put on the rough clothes of a peasant, made his way cautiously out of Sir Erick's domain, and pressed on through unfrequented roads, till he reached Lubeck. Here he obtained permission of the authorities to remain.

When Sir Erick discovered the escape of Gustavus, he followed him, and threatened the town with Christian's wrath and punishment if they did not at once surrender him.

Gustavus boldly declared his right to freedom. "I was borne into Denmark by deceit and violence," he said. "It is my right to be free, I will pay to Sir Erick the price of my escape with interest when I get home."

Baner's efforts to recapture Gustavus were in vain. He remained in Lubeck a few weeks, and then, closely disguised started for Stockholm. He wore a round hat, short baize jacket, threw an ax over his shoulder, and asked for work by the way.

His first employer was a rich miner, who gave him threshing in his barn; but his courtly manners differed widely from his rude fellow-laborers, and suspicion arose that he was other than he seemed.

Suddenly Gustavus left. A long succession of adventures and perils were before him. He narrowly escaped from drowning while crossing a stream. On he went, till he reached the house of a former friend named Arendt.

Gustavus confided to him his cherished project of rescuing Sweden from Christian, and trusted to their youthful affection for help and safety. This man was a staunch supporter of the king, and while he craftily listened to Gustavus with words of encouragement, he was at heart plotting to ruin him. The nicest food was prepared, and a good room was given him, where he could gain the rest he so much needed. Unsuspicious of danger, the young man slept for hours. Meanwhile Arendt was conspiring against him.

He knew a large reward had been offered by Christian for Gustavus' head. The king's gold dazzled his eyes, and overruled the old love existing between them. He started out to inform the Danes that Gustavus was his visitor. Soon, a body of well-armed soldiers were seen galloping toward the house. On they went with fleet steps, up the stairs to Gustavus' room. He was gone, and loud oaths and angry mutterings filled the apartment.

Some one had given Gustavus warning. Who? The friend in need was Arendt's wife. She noted with a keen eye a strange light in her husband's face, and knew a foul plot was ripening, and the moment he was out of sight, she ran and awakened Gustavus, and with the help of a long towel assisted him to descend from the window, eighteen feet to the ground. Then a trusted servant was ordered to harness a sledge with haste and secrecy and Gustavus jumped into it, and was driven away at full speed.

Another of his friends helped him on his journey. He loaded a wagon with hay and covered Gustavus over with it and drove boldly out of town toward the forest. On their way they were met by some Danish soldiers who were on a relentless hunt for Gustavus, greedy for the price which would be paid for his head. They half mistrusted that some one was hidden at the bottom of the wagon and, as they passed it, each man in turn thrust his long pointed sword into the hay. Gustavus received a severe wound in the leg, but uttered no cry of pain, and remained without moving a muscle, while Elfsson drove calmly on as if no object more important than getting his hay to market absorbed him. In a short time, Elfsson saw drops of blood trickling slowly from the wagon which colored the snow. He stopped, partially uncovered Gustavus and found a vein had been opened from which the blood flowed. He carefully bound up his leg, and fearing it might put his enemies on the track drew out his knife and cut a deep place on the leg of his horse, intending to point out the wound on the animal as the reason why the snow was stained.

Finally Gustavus reached Dolmen and went among the mountaineers and miners. Everywhere he strove to stimulate his countrymen to rise in arms against the Danish king. He taught the peasants the use of long lances, and to shoot red-hot arrows. Every energy was called into action. His eloquence inflamed and excited all classes. As he slowly made his way toward Stockholm, the little army increased and became a powerful force. The famous siege of Stockholm soon began. In a few months the Danes were reduced to great extremities, and forced to abandon the city. The victorious Swedes drove the hated foe out of the land.

When the Danes were fairly expelled a diet was held by the Swedes. The nobles and people emphatically declared they would have "no other king than Gustavus." Said they with a common voice, "He has tried greatness and lowness. He can command and obey. He alone had strength and valor to drive out our enemies, and save the lost fatherland." The coronation of Gustavus took place in 1523. His first act was to proceed to the church, and to bow his knee before the Lord of Hosts and entreat for wisdom and guidance.

As old age advanced, he was stricken with a fatal disease. Calmly he met the dreaded messenger. "I feel," he said, solemnly, "I shall soon go hence, and lay down before the King of kings the glorious but perishable crown of Sweden."

When dying he was asked by a servant: "Dost thou want anything?"

"Yes," answered Gustavus, "the kingdom of heaven, and that thou canst not give me." He died in the year 156 , at the age of seventy-two, after a reign of forty years, and is buried in the cathedral of Upsala.—*Congregationalist.*

SYMMETRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Symmetrical development should be aimed at, the spirit of "a sound mind" which the apostle speaks of. Good people often run to extremes. They have their hobbies. Their religious life is one-sided. The more ardent their emotions the more noticeable their eccentricities. Experience, good sense, and the grace of God are sufficient to correct these angularities. Moreover, this development should be in the line indicated by the word and providence of God. Every thing is helpful. Out of thoughts that are fugitive, out of emotions that are transitory, out of incidents that are casual, the composition and direction of life and character come. In one of them there may be a hinge on which one's whole earthly career may turn. This is an argument for vigilant circumspection and an incentive to unwearied endeavor.

The Christ-life is continued and still enlarged in the beatific glory and endless felicity of heaven. Human speech fails in describing that life with its supernal joys. Fancy cannot paint its fullness and beauty. We wait with eager expectancy the revelation of that glory to which every believer is heir.

"O to be over yonder, in that world of wonder!
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers ring—
To rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of the King."

I set sail for a far-off continent across the deep. It lies thousands of miles away, yet it is as real to my thoughts and imagination as are faces before me present to my vision. Why may not the heavenly continent become as real a verity to our faith, populated as it is by those whom we have known, and the home of Him whom, not having seen, we love? Are we looking skyward, homeward, day by day? Is this life sordid or saintly, earthly or celestial? Is it growing richer, sweeter and more beneficent year by year? Are you deepening its springs and enlarging its boundaries, making it more and more exuberant and fruitful? If so, you are realizing the true purpose of your existence below, and are preparing for honor and immortality above, forever with the Lord.—*London Chris. Age.*

LACK OF AIR.

Some workmen and some women, too, think themselves "tired" when they are only poisoned. They labor in factories, breathe air without oxygen, and live in an atmosphere of death. They are too often allowed to smoke, and thus add fuel to the flame which is consuming them. They knock off work "tired" and listless, when they are merely weakened by foul air and made dull and heavy by an atmosphere charged with disease. They keep the windows shut and close the door on health, while they lift the gratings of the tomb by breathing and rebreathing the poison from their own lungs, and the floating particles of matter about them. Open the windows—let in the sunshine and the breeze, stop smoking, and you will soon find that it is the poison of confinement, and not labor, that wearies and tires.

A MODEL MONARCH.

No monarch, and very few private persons, can have led a life of higher, more intense, and more absorbing interest than the young man who, in 1868, when but 16, found himself Mikado of Japan, with the ancient but long dormant rights of sole and supreme ruler restored to that office. By fortunate chance the purple fell, in his case, on one well fitted to wear it, and the work done in Japan in which he has taken an active and intelligent share in 14 years has been enormous. Between 1869 and 1871 the Daimios, the great feudal Princes, were, with the exception of the clan Satsuma—not radically subdued until 1877—whose chief was the mighty Saigo, denuded of their power, they and their military retainers receiving a pecuniary compensation. In 1873 all classes of able-bodied men were rendered liable to conscription in the imperial army. This army, organized by Frenchmen, has now for nearly ten years been in a high state of efficiency. Its West Point, conducted chiefly on the pattern of that establishment, is Toyama, near Tokio. The total military force is 120,000. The Japanese navy is on the model of the British. It includes 20 war vessels, 19 being steamships.

National education on the new model dates from 1871. By 1873 the Government schools had 400,000 pupils. To-day they have over 2,500,000. Tokio University has 1,500 pupils. One well acquainted with Japanese pupils says that "intellectually they are on the average equal to those of Europe and America, while in the gentler virtues of respect, docility, industry, politeness, and self-control, they are unquestionably superior."

A prevailing feature among this people, and one which strikes even the least observant, is their almost exasperatingly sweet temper. It is well-nigh impossible to make them angry, and a lady, long resident in Japan, says that it is really true that Japanese children are scarcely ever heard to cry. This celestial condition in the nursery is not produced by the soothing syrups of a Japanese Winslow, but is the result of the tact of the child-handlers—oftentimes old men.

The Japanese Post Office is another of the nation's triumphs. A mole-hill has in 10 years grown into a mountain. The railroads, though not numerous, are cheap and pay well. They are now chiefly superintended and worked by natives. Accidents are almost unknown. From half a mile in September, 1869, the telegraph lines have grown to 4000 miles, worked by 1800 employes, of whom 10 only are foreigners.

It would be well for this country if its jails were but in half as satisfactory plight as are those of Japan, and in this matter Japan has borrowed but little from the foreigner. The most minute precautions are taken to prevent abuse of authority by prison officials. The Governor of a jail may inflict no punishment more severe than the dark cell or shackles, and this but for a limited period, without the sanction of a district court. This system is carried out with as much strictness in the most remote provinces as in the capital.

The vast system thus in little more than 10 years created is directed and controlled by a Cabinet of 13, over which the Mikado vigilantly presides, assisted by a council of the ablest and best informed men, who give advice and attend to the details of enactments made by the Cabinet. Provincial assemblies have existed since 1878, and national parliamentary government is soon to be the order of the day.—*New York Times.*

GOD KNOWS.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weaknesses—what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led; to follow Him, and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak; in scholarship nothing; in a thousand things a baby. He knows this and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow-men.

How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself if God be glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.—*Norman McLeod's Diary.*

WEAVING THE WEB.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light;
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed after the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!"

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow," she said;
"So fadeless and strong will weave my web,
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And the young lover hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short though the days are long;
This noon I will weave my beautiful web—
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rose high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said:
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun;
And laid her hand on the shining threads,
To set them in order one by one.
But the hand was tired and heart was weak;
"I'm not as strong as I was," sighed she;
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare,
Are not so bright or fair to see!"

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still:
The weaver slept in the twilight gray:
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

—*Selected.*

AN INSPIRED RECIPE FOR GOOD DAYS.

By the Rev. E. B. Sanford.

The daughter of an Eastern rabbi heard an Assyrian cry in the streets of the city, saying, "Who will receive the elixir of life?" She ran to tell her father, and at his suggestion invited the man within their door.

"What is that elixir of life that thou art selling?" inquired the rabbi.

"Is it not written," answered the stranger, "'What man is he that desireth life and loveth days that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile.' Lo, this is the elixir of life which is in the mouth of a man."

The recipe from which the joy and gladness of good days is distilled is given more fully by an inspired writer (1 Peter iii., 10, 11). The secret of blessing and happiness that the hours give to us has its hiding-place in the heart, out of whose abundance the mouth speaketh. There is no honey in gall cells, and the fairest skies will not ripen sweet fruit from thistles. The spirit of our lives marks the quality of our days. If that be wrong, the beauty and sunshine of Eden avails nothing. If that be right, the desert place will bud and blossom as the rose, and the storm will pass unheeded because of the joy within; a divine sheltering whose inner warmth is all the more grateful by reason of the contrast to the chill and darkness without.

The tongue but speaks what is in the heart, and the best guard that can be placed over it is that of a spirit without guile or evil intent. The feeling of envy stirs the depths of the heart with malice before the poisonous word is uttered that blisters the lips of him who speaks. Pride, jealousy, and the evils that spring from them, make the tongue a sluice way for those streams of influence that, lava-like, destroy every good thing that they touch. But the evil word spoken takes all the joy out of the day. It hides the shining of the sun, and makes of the pleasant music of the world only a jangling of sweet sounds.

It is the love that thinks the best possible things of others, rejoices in their prosperity, sympathizes with them in their adversity, and bears toward every one, and in all times and seasons, a face that hides no guile, that manifests a life out of which are born days whose clear shining reveals the upper skies smiling in peace upon the earth where thorns and nettles are covered out of sight by the larger growth of fragrant blossoms and wholesome fruit.

Life hid in Christ is heir to good days. It could not well be otherwise where experience matures the fruit of the Spirit. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, are elements of a sunny and cheerful happiness. Thunder-storms and cyclones cannot be evolved from them. Sweet waters flow from the fountains. Words of kindly interest and affection make the lips the source of happiness that lightens the burdens of care and toil. The fretful, repining spirit will find small lodgment in the home where the tongue is kept from evil, and the open countenance, with cheerful greeting, speaks of an indwelling peace that finds its chief joy in ministering to the welfare of other hearts.

All days cannot be alike, but with the guidance of Him who is "the way, the truth and the life," they may be good days. Even those most clouded outwardly will show the silver lining that betokens the light beyond that is undimmed.—*Christian Union.*

ABSENCE FROM CHURCH.

Absence from church in Glasgow, about a century ago, was a grave offense, and persons who were guilty of it, or of "playing or sauntering about," were severely dealt with. The duty of looking after such delinquents was imposed by the kirk-session on the magistrates and ministers. These searchers or "compurgators," as they were called, were also employed in perambulating the street on Saturday nights, and when at the approach of twelve o'clock they heard any noisy conviviality going on, even in a private dwelling house, they entered and dispersed the company. Another of their duties was to perambulate the streets and public walks during the time of divine service on Sunday, and compel every one they met abroad not on necessary duty to go to church.

Those who are disposed to be uneasy will never want something to be uneasy about.

Selections.

I had fainted unless want and penury had chased me to the store house of all.—*Rutherford.*

All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as a ruined edifice, before one single word—faith.—*Napoleon.*

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

A good conscience is the palace of Christ; the temple of the Holy Ghost; the paradise of delight; the standing Sabbath of the saints.—*Augustine.*

The smallest floweret preacheth while it stays,
In that it crowns with fullness all its days,
And waiteth not to know, by any field,
If life may yet some fairer portion yield,
Nor pineth that it was not born a rose;
But sweet by stubble or by greensward grows,
And unto places lying waste erewhile,
Gives all it hath—a little floweret's smile.

—*George H. Coomer.*

What an unrighteous generation are Christ's enemies that blame the law because men break it, and blame religion because many are not religious enough. As if the sun must be hated, because shadows and dungeons want light; or life and health must be hated because many are sick and pained by their diseases.—*Richard Baxter.*

Wondrously
The Lord hath dealt with thee!
Wondrous mercy all the way,
Wondrous patience every day,
Wondrous pardon, wondrous feeding,
Wondrous help and wondrous leading.

Wondrously
The Lord shall deal with thee!
Wondrous tenderness and grace,
Wondrous shining of His face,
Wondrous faithfulness and power,
Wondrous love from hour to hour.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To Preserve Eggs.—A correspondent of the *London Morning Post* writes as follows: "Place the eggs in a cabbage-net, and dip them in a saucepan of boiling water for eight or ten seconds. For all culinary purposes they will keep almost indefinitely."

Potatoes a la Duchesse.—These are now the most fashionable, and if a really good potato is capable of being improved, perhaps this is the best method. Take cold, well seasoned mashed potatoes, roll out and form into little biscuit-shaped cakes (a little flour may be used to form them, but do not mix flour with the potato); arrange cakes on a pie-plate, glaze them over with beaten egg, and bake to a delicate brown.

To Prevent Wooden Vessels from Cracking.—Wooden bowls, and other ware of this sort, as well as all cross-sections from tree trunks, and shorts logs cut for various purposes, are very apt to crack and split while seasoning. To prevent this completely, the pores of the wood should be well filled with linseed, or some other vegetable oxidizing oil, while it is yet green, and before it begins to show any signs of cracking or checking. This will completely obviate this inconvenience.

Egg Plant.—Peel and cut in slices the purple kind; sprinkle with salt and pepper and let drain on a tipped plate for three-quarters of an hour; make a light batter with one egg, flour, and a little water; dip the slices into it and fry in butter or lard. Eggs and cracker may be used instead of the batter. Or peel the egg-plant, boil till done, then pour off the water, mash fine, and add pepper, salt and butter to the taste; put in a shallow pudding pan, and over the top place a thick layer of crushed cracker. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Miscellaneous.

THE FAIR COPY-HOLDER.

Yon window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen;
Perhaps she'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read *men?*

Forgive me, gentle girl, but, while
You bravely work, I've been reflecting
That somewhere in this world of guile
There's some one's life needs your correcting,

Methinks 'tis time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

—*The Century.*

THE EGYPTIANS.

Most of the written remains of ancient Egypt are religious. Many consist of hymns to the gods, and have a pathos of their own. Others are lists of oblations or of spoils taken in war. These have no more literary pretensions than an auctioneer's catalogue or an inventory of furniture. They give us, however, a vivid idea of Egyptian belongings. The manifold productions and riches of ancient Egypt are nowhere set forth in more detail than in what is known as the "Great Harris Papyrus," which contains divers of these summaries. It was found in a tomb, and measures 133 feet long by 16½ inches broad. Here we read of the barge of cedar, with rivets of gold plated brass, and cabins adorned with precious stones; of houses with doors and lintels of gold, surrounded by gardens planted with all kinds of fruits, and tanks of waterfowl and fish. Besides these are granaries of corn and treasuries filled, or temples presented, with a surprising amount of miscellaneous property, paint, spirits of wine, honey, oil, linen overcoats, embroidered caps, incense, silver dishes and ladles, rings, onions, cedar harps, bundles of writing reeds, wax, leather sandals, turquoises, perfumes, images, necklaces, wine, colored bed clothes, etc. The most careful inventory was made of the several items, and in every case the exact amount of the articles in store seems to be set down. For instance, in one place we find a record of 825,840 crystal beads; in another of 23,008 pots of frankincense, while one cedar rule figures by itself. Besides these dead or dry goods we have astonishing lists of cattle and birds, especially pigeons, ducks, and geese. Here we are struck by evidence of much that was eminently business like and prosaic among the old Egyptians. It is true that their religion especially, so far as the offerings made by the King, represented the generosity of the people, was marked by marvelous and abundant devotion; the adornments of the temple not being brought to a focus in some inner shrine, but shown in the capping of sacred obelisks with solid gold, and the covering of huge holy walls inside and out with costly sculpture. But though this indicates a certain profuseness of expenditure, nothing is more striking than the minute economy and attention to details exhibited in what may be called the sacred rent rolls, summaries of oblations and the like. The chronicler carefully distinguishes between the "ducks" and the "ducklings" offered to Ra, the sliced, salted and prepared fish, the crowns, nosegays, chains and handfuls of flowers, and the exact amounts of these several items are set down. In the "Great Harris Papyrus," now in the British Museum, and translated in the "Records of the Post" there are many of these entries, and in every case the totals of the goods in question are precisely recorded. There are *e. g.* 1,975,800 nosegays of vegetables—it does not say what proportion of these were onions—as against 11,000 nosegays of corn and 3410 of lotus. Thus, in these chronicles we have evidence of both extreme profusion and precise economy of the nicest reckoning and the most liberal abundance. —*Good Words.*

Science and Art.

THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE.—The National Telephone Association met last week in Boston. C. N. Fay, of Chicago, from the Committee on Central Office System, etc., said that reports had been received from eighty-one exchanges, representing about 29,000 sub-renters. "There are about 60,000 to 70,000 subscribers in the United States. In New York there are 2,873 exchanges, and the smallest number in any one place is ten. There is a steady and continuous growth all over the country. The number of connections increase each month at all localities.

THE GULF STREAM.—Commander Bartlett spoke on the Gulf Stream at Montreal. He has been for some years investigating the stream in connection with the Coast Survey, and showed that the Gulf Stream does not flow out of the gulf, that it does not flow over a bottom channelled with ridges and valleys parallel with the Appalachian system, but that there is a wide plateau extending along the coast from the Bermuda Banks; that the stream flowing over this sweeps it clean to its hard coral bottom; that beyond this the bottom slopes rapidly downward and is cozy with the wash from the plateau; that it is not a river of warm water flowing over cold; that the Arctic current does not run inside; and in short he breaks a good many scientific idols pretty thoroughly. The unscientific were glad to know that a bottle of champagne sunk 100 fathoms had no air space when withdrawn and that a bottle sunk 1,000 fathoms was taken up still properly corked and wired, but with hardly a taste of wine remaining.

At the conclusion of the address, Dr. Carpenter expressed his admiration of the work, and added that it pleased him to know that the results were obtained with English instruments. To this Commander Bartlett replied that Sir William Thompson did invent an apparatus and kindly forwarded it to the Coast Survey, but it wouldn't work. Yankee ingenuity then invented an attachment which made it so efficient that soundings of 3,000 fathoms can be made in thirty minutes and without deflecting more than a fathom from the perpendicular.

CURIOUS HABITS OF ANTS.—Ants have slaves! These proverbial examples to the sluggard keep certain insects as we keep cows, and build sheds over them, and keep others as pets. The bloated ant-aristocrats, it is said, "have lost the greater part of their instincts;—their art, that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they show no care for their young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry, for they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by the slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them with some larvæ and pupæ and a supply of honey in a box. 'At first,' he says, 'they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling; and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.' This observation has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves. . . . . I have, however, kept isolated specimens for three months by giving them a slave for an hour or two a day to clean and feed them; under these circumstances they remained in perfect health, while but for the slaves, they would have perished in two or three days." Sir John Lubbock has tested these experiments for himself and supports them.

Personal.

Mrs. Garfield has bought, for $50,000, the Ralph Worthington residence in Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Robert Nevin, we see it stated, is in this country negotiating for the sale of the valuable library of the late Hon. George P. Marsh.

Dr. Ray Palmer has just completed his 50th year of ministerial service; and on the 2d of Oct. he and his wife will celebrate their golden wedding.

Rev. Dr. Withrow, of Park Street Church, Boston, has donned a Geneva gown in the pulpit, with the general approbation of his congregation.

During the visit to England of Cetewayo, the captive King of the Zulus, a former missionary in Zululand presented him with a handsome Bible printed in the Zulu language. He was much gratified at the gift.

The mother of Rev. Dr. Cuyler recently completed her eightieth year, at Saratoga. She is too deaf (from an inherited family infirmity) to hear her son preach, but every Sunday morning before church he tells her what he is going to preach about, and gives her an outline of his sermon, and then she prays for him in her room during the hours of service. She was left a widow fifty-five years ago, when her son was only four years old.

Items of Interest.

Women who ride tricycles in England are beginning to wear trousers.

Last year more than four hundred Baptists emigrated from Sweden to the United States, and it is thought that a still greater number will do so this year.

Murphy disturbed a meeting of the Salvation Army at Oldham, England. Private Kershaw, a muscular exhorter, accepted his challenge to go out and fight. The encounter was a protracted and desperate exhibition of pugilism, but the sinner was whipped.

A correspondent of The Country Gentleman says he is often surprised, when riding through the country at this season, at finding so many costly implements and machines standing along the roadsides and in fields, exposed to the damaging influences of sun and rain, which cause them to warp, rust, and decay. Such neglect is simply out-and-out extravagance.

During the Chartist demonstration in 1848 it was feared that an attack would be made upon the Bank of England, and considerable preparations for a stout defense were made. The roof was fortified, a strong garrison was placed within, and the ancient doorway was closed and completely built up. That doorway is about to be reopened in order to facilitate the vast business of the bank.

There has recently been published by the local authorities a careful and true list of the drunkards who live in the town of Sainte Marie aux Mines, in Haute Alsace. The list embraces thirty-one persons, of whom the youngest is twenty-three years of age and the oldest sixty-eight. All inn-keepers are in future forbidden to sell intoxicating drinks to the persons whose names appear on this record.

A Peking newspaper tells of the sale of a Chinese wife by her husband. She had fallen in love with the purchaser, who agreed to pay $130 for her, but he neglected to bring the money when he called to take her away, and so the husband refused to give her up. In that emergency the enamored pair drugged him, forged his signature to the bill of sale, and eloped. They were arrested while eating their wedding breakfast, and put into dungeons, where both committed suicide.

The land troubles in Skye are partaking of a still more Irish nature than hitherto. Two officers from Inverness proceeded recently to serve notices of interdict on behalf of the landlord; but after serving a few, the object of their visit becoming known, the women and children in the absence of their lords turned out en masse, and compelled them to retire. Their lords are now returning from fishing, and intend to assert their rights, it is said, and the further action of the landlords is awaited with some anxiety.

The shocking destruction of a school-house, together with its inmates, including both grown persons and children, is reported from the town of Grodno, the capital of one of the governmental departments of Russia. A hardware dealer used the cellar of the house for storing powder, in which he secretly conducted a contraband traffic. While he was moving about incautiously in this place with a light, the powder was ignited, and the whole building was blown into the air. The number of persons killed was not, at latest accounts, accurately known, but many disfigured corpses and mangled limbs and fragments of bodies have been taken from the ruins.

China leads civilized countries in finding a use for its ants. Professor Riley, of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, has received from Han Chow an account of a curious use made of ants in that part of China. It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The hill people throughout the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees, so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period.

Consul Gifford, at La Rochelle, France, reports that a very large proportion of the brandy exported to this country is adulterated so as to be unfit for use, and goes so far as to intimate that all French brandy might properly be excluded. The production of genuine brandy in the Cognac region ceased three years ago, and, although some dealers still have a stock of the genuine article, there is practically no way of distinguishing good from poor, and nearly all that we get is poor. The greater part of the article now in market is made from alcohol, which is distilled from grain, potatoes or beets, reduced and mixed with drugs and a little real brandy or dregs of wine to give the flavor. Some men get small raisins from the East and produce brandy from them, perhaps better than the article produced from alcohol, but even the old stocks of Cognac, Mr. Gifford says, are "doctored" to suit the ignorant taste. Strictly pure brandy would never be sent to this country, because it would be thought harsh and poor, and accordingly doses of caramels and other things are added to give it flavor. The story sounds a little sensational, but there is nothing essentially improbable about it, and so many details are given that there can be little doubt of its substantial truth. Apparently a new stimulant must be adopted for use in the sick-room.

Farm and Garden.

STACKING.—In stacking grain many fail, because they never begin to *build* until they reach the "bulge," and begin to top out. To stand erect and be water-proof, a stack must be built from the ground up. The centre must be always kept full and the sheaves packed well, while the outside should always be laid loosely. This is the great secret of building a water-proof stack.

The hay stack, too, must be built from bottom to top. A foundation of rails is the best to begin on. Mark the corners of the stack by setting poles straight up about one foot outside of where you wish to build. Begin in the middle of the stack and build it up three or four feet, tramping down very solid. Next, lay a course down each side and across the ends, then fill the middle again,—always keeping it two or three feet higher than the sides, and tramped as solid as possible. The whole secret of building a water-proof hay-stack consists in keeping the middle solid and highest from bottom to top, and the outside as low and light as possible.

Always allow a stack of hay to settle a day or two before putting on the last load. When there are indications of rain, spread over it a canvas stack-cover made for the purpose. The last load, put on when only about two-thirds cured. It soon cures on the top of the stack, and settles down as solid as a board, making a cover nearly impervious to water. The stack is raked down perfectly smooth, pieces of fence wire with blocks attached to the ends thrown across it to hold the top on, and with the exception of a thin cover, you will find your hay as good and bright the following spring as when stacked.—*Ex. and Chronicle.*

PLOUGHING FOR FROST.—The time for fall ploughing will soon be at hand, and the plough should be kept at work wherever it can be run. Two ploughings, one in fall and one in spring, is an advantage. We overlook one of nature's agents in pulverizing heavy soils when we disregard the frost, and our invitations are usually not very cordial for the work of the ice king. Water, as every one knows, expands with both heat and cold. When the hard, heavy soil is turned over deeply and left furrowed without harrowing, a greater area of surface is exposed to the action of frost, and when water is carried down by the rain it finds greater freedom among the particles of earth and saturates every portion. When the freezing time comes this water is bound to expand, and when it does so everything in its way must yield, and the clods and lumps of earth are torn apart, disintegrated, and, with successive freezing and thawing, are finally made very fine. Nor is this all, for when the soil becomes finely divided chemical changes take place more readily; the inert substances are acted upon by the elements, and soluble material takes the place of hitherto useless soil. The effects of heat, cold, rain and air are as important and valuable to the farmer in some sections as the application of manure or costly fertilizers. —*Phila. Record.*

SALTING STOCK.—Col. Curtis writes:—Our practice has been for years to keep a tight box under the shed in the barnyard, in which there is a constant supply of salt. The cows help themselves to this, eating as much as they like, winter and summer. The salt being always accessible, the cattle are never salt hungry, and consequently never eat too much, thereby causing unusual thirst, which is the case when they are fed salt periodically. In winter this is injurious, hence we cannot recommend the practice of putting brine on straw to induce the cattle to eat it in order to get the salt, because the effect is to create an unnatural thirst. When stock have free access to salt they taste a little every day, which gives tone to the stomach and helps to make a steady and healthy appetite. We use coarse salt, preferring it to the fine, as it does not dissolve so readily and does not absorb moisture so freely, which causes it to waste. We have used rock salt, but gave it up on account of its high price.

The coarse salt answers just as well, not costing half as much, and not dissolving much faster. Our salt box does not have to be filled oftener than once a month, which is quite a saving of time as compared with the system of salting occasionally; besides there is no forgetting. In summer time a tight box is placed in the field and salt put into it for the cattle to help themselves. A rain falling into the box does no harm, as it only dissolves the salt and the stock take a lick of the brine instead of the salt. As the salt does not evaporate (only the water) from the heat of the sun, there is no loss. This plan of salting stock is the least trouble and the most economical and the safest.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending September 23d and 30th contain Mrs. Fanny Kemble's Records of her Life, and Medieval Hymns, Quarterly; Comets, Nineteenth Century; A Voice from the Nile, Fortnightly; The Palace of Urbino, Cornhill; Snake Anecdotes, Chambers' Journal; Cetewayo's Meditations?, The Vegetarian Animalcules of the Dead Sea, and On Reading Shakespeare through, Spectator; Two Italian Geographers, Saturday Review; The Foreign Trade of the United States, their Influence on the Money Market, and the Immigration which they receive, Economist; Death not Universal, Journal of Science; Adventurers, Globe; with instalments of "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "No New Thing," the usual amount of poetry, and a continuation of that very remarkable article, "THE LITTLE PILGRIM," which has attracted so much notice.

With the number for October 1st, begins a new volume, making this a good time to subscribe.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The October WIDE AWAKE opens with a dainty drawing by Miss McDermott, designed as a frontispiece for a fanciful story by Susan Hale, entitled "The Hope Works." Many other excellent short stories make this number a very interesting one; "A Nap in a Cannon," a tale of the Charlestown Navy Yard, by Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels; "Captain Scampadoro," by W. H. W. Campbell; "The Stimpcett's Sunrise Party," a first rate circus story, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; and "Ralph's 'Cub,'" by John Preston True. Mr. Talbot's comedy, "No Questions Asked," which has been so keenly enjoyed by both young and old, is brought to a capital close, as are also Miss Harris' beautiful "Wild Flower Papers," with their series of fine drawings by Miss Humphrey. There is a romantic chapter of "The Trojan War," the serial by A Boy, and a very exciting one of "Lost Among Savages," the Bornean serial, by David Ker. Arthur Gilman's Dictionary paper is useful and also entertaining; and Edward Everett Hale, "the political editor of Wide Awake," sends from Spain a very clear explanation of the Egyptian question. The first of the set of Old Time Papers, by Luthera Whitney, appears in this number; it is called "A Suit of Homespun," and explains, with its fifteen illustrations, some of the homely processes of making woolen cloth at home in early days. As usual, there are many pleasant poems in this number: "Sweetheart's Lesson," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Wonderful Country of Good-Boy-Land," by M. E. B.; "Turkey Tail Brooms," by Clara Dolliver; "The Song Without Words," by Arthur Crandall; "Happiness," by Mrs. Eliot; and there are also Tangles and Original Music. The Chautauqua Reading Course for the second year begins in this number, opening with Miss Harris' "Little Biographies of Pleasant Authors for Young Folks," the initial paper being a very tempting one concerning Sir Walter Scott. Prof. Sargent of Harvard College begins a series of Health and Strength paper for the boys; Samuel Wells, a series "Through a Microscope;" A Boy, "A Boy's Workshop;" and there is also a delightful chapter of "Anna Maria's Housekeeping," by The Next Neighbor; and the first of an important series, "Famous Trials," by Benj. Vaughan Abbott, each of which is to make our young citizens familiar with some important principle in law.

Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The October number of THE HEBREW STUDENT (84 and 86, 5th avenue, Chicago,) will contain (1) Some "Hebrew" facts, by the Editor; (2) An Introduction to "Nahum," by Prof. S. Burnham; (3) The Hebrew text (Baer and Delitzsch) of "Nahum," arranged according to the parallelism; (4) A new translation of "Nahum," in parallel columns with (5) The King James Version; (6) The Septuagint Version, translated; (7) The Chaldee version, translated; etc., etc. These translations are by members of the Hebrew Summer School.

Married.

On the 26th of Sept., at 8, P. M., in Christ Reformed Church, Phila., by Rev. Geo. H. Johnston, assisted by Revs. A. S Leinbach, Dr. W. M. Reiley, C. G. Fisher, and Geo. M. Zacharias, Rev. Edwin A. Gernant, of Allentown, Pa., to Miss Anna Julia, eldest daughter of John F. Unger, Esq., of this city.

Near Mt. Jackson, Va., Sept. 7th, 1882, by Rev. B. R. Carnaham, Mr. James H. Hukill, of Washington, Tazewell county, Ill., to Miss Mary E. Wenger, of Shenandoah county, Va.

Obituaries.

DIED.—On the 13th of July, A. D. 1882, in Millersburg, Dauphin county, Pa., Mrs. Rebecca Mary Bassler, aged 71 years, 5 months and 8 days.

Mother Bassler was a daughter of the lamented Rev. Jacob William Dechant, who was born at Kreutznach, in the Palatinate, on the 18th day of February, 1784.

Father Dechant's paternal and maternal grandfathers were ministers of the Gospel; so also one of his uncles, on his maternal side. The Dechant's family, so far, represented the Reformed ministry in every generation, if not quite, very nearly, back to the Reformation period. At the funeral of mother Bassler, there were five Reformed ministers present as her nearest relatives. First, her beloved husband, Rev. Henry S. Bassler, who is well known in the Reformed Church and much esteemed; her three brothers, Rev. F. W. Dechant, of Reading, Pa., Rev. Aug. L. Dechant, of Pennsburg, Pa., Rev. G. B. Dechant, of Catawissa, Pa., and her son-in-law, Rev. W. M. Landis, of Rebersburg, Pa.

It was the privilege of the writer to form an acquaintance with mother Bassler when yet a young boy, but especially did he enjoy her friendship and hospitality during the last ten years, and his family was always glad to see this venerable father and mother come into their midst.

Mother Bassler possessed fine qualifications as a minister's wife; always cheerful and happy, and ever willing and ready to stand by the side of her husband, to encourage him, and sympathize with him in his many trials and persecutions.

She was born in Upper Milford, Lehigh Co., Pa., on the 5th of February, A. D. 1811, and consecrated unto the Lord, in her infancy, by the sacrament of Holy Baptism, to whom she remained faithful unto the end. On the 4th of October, A. D. 1831, she was married to Rev. H. S. Bassler, This marriage was blessed with eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, of whom four sons preceded the mother to the eternal world, to welcome her in that better home.

Mother Bassler enjoyed good health all her life time, with the exception of the last year, when she had several severe attacks. Her last illness was congestive chills, of which she suffered only a few days. She was buried on Sunday, the 16th of July, when her remains were laid in the silent grave, in the beautiful cemetery at Millersburg, Dauphin county, Pa. Rev. W. G. Engle preached a sermon in the German language, and Rev. J. B. Kerschner in the English language. In her departure the father lost his nearest friend, the children a dear mother, the brothers a kind sister, yea, she often proved a mother to them in former years, and the Reformed Church a faithful member. But our loss is her gain. Let us bow in humble submission, and say, the Lord hath done all things well. W. G. E.

DIED.—In Reading, Pa., September 19th, 1882, Mrs. Annie R., wife of Dr. Joseph Coblentz, in her 53d year.

Funeral services were held in Reading on the 21st, and in Middletown, Md., on the 22d, where her remains were interred in the Reformed cemetery, the burial-place of several generations of her kindred. She was a member of the Second Reformed Church of Reading, and illustrated in her life the spirit of practical Christianity. She was a member of the Benevolent Society of Reading, a member of the Board of Managers of the Home for Aged Widows and Single Women, and the Second Directress of the same. She was one of the founders of the Bureau of Employment, whilst, at the same time, she took an active interest in the Aid Society of the congregation, in supplying the wants of the orphan, and showing genuine sympathy towards all classes of the needy. In the family, the social circle, the congregation, and the community, her departure has left an irreparable gap and caused many hearts to bleed. Many, to whom she was endeared by ties of affection and deeds of kindness, will sacredly cherish her memory. A great sufferer, she patiently awaited the coming of the Lord. In regard to her may it be truly said, "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" but to those remaining the removal is mysterious and sad. Why should one so useful be called away in the prime of life, whilst others, apparently useless, are left? The gracious words of Jesus to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," come to us with special force, and should allay our fears and impart confidence in the wise and successful issue of all God's dealings with His people. It was a sad sight to see the noble cedars of Lebanon falling beneath the axes of King Hiram's workmen. They had served as a shelter for shepherd and pilgrim by day and the birds of the air by night. But when followed to the blue waters of the Mediterranean and thence until placed as polished beams in the temple of God at Jerusalem, we see that the glory of Lebanon is surpassed by the glory of Zion, and cheerfully acquiesce in what at first seemed little better than sacrilege. Many pious souls, like such cedars, are cut and hewn by God's axes of discipline, and we know not why they are confronted with such dark and mysterious dealings, but we may rest assured that He is preparing them for a nobler inheritance, a more glorious place in His kingdom. This is His way of dealing with His people—now leading by hand through the desert, and anon on the lake through alternate storm and calm. Mrs. Coblentz's afflictions were painful and protracted, but her journey ended, she rests in peace. None would call her back to a world of grief, and yet many will often breathe the fond wish in words enshrined in sorrowing hearts:

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

We all feel the need of her inspiring presence in our labors of love and in the hour of oppression. But we would not forget that, whilst

"Death leaves our hearts all desolate,
And plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—*there are no dead.*"

DIED.—Near Emmittsburg, Maryland, on the 9th of September, George Russell, son of Geo. T. M. and Ella Martin, in the 4th year of his age.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. SECHLER, Rev. D. B. LADY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1882.

A DIRECT APPEAL FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Lutheran Church in particular and Christians generally, experienced great sadness last week upon receipt of the intelligence that Rev. A. D Rowe had died of typhoid fever at Guntoor, India.

We take advantage of this event to make the following remarks: 1. The deceased was the "Children's Missionary" of the Lutheran Church in India, that is, he was supported entirely by the contributions of the little ones of that communion. This should attract the notice of the people of the Reformed Church, who think it a great matter if one foreign missionary is supported by the entire denomination, old as well as young. 2. The providence of God in taking away a servant devoted to His cause in foreign lands, is a direct appeal to us in regard to our duty. Sometimes a text of Scripture taken out of its connection and presented boldly will challenge the attention of those who have read it a thousand times before without being impressed by it. So too, a single remark, earnestly put, often startles us, and helps us to take in the situation. Such a remark was made in our presence a few weeks ago by the Treasurer of our Foreign Board and we quote it for the good of all concerned. Raising his index finger, he said: "*Brother D., we cannot afford to have our operations in Japan depend upon a single life.*"

The word was fitly spoken and it has rung in our ears ever since. It has more than once startled us from our sleep. Here we are, a large rich Church, just recovering from quarrels that have blinded us to our duty, and it may be with querulous barkers still around us, but withal plumbing ourselves that *we have a foreign missionary.* Yes *one* foreign missionary who may die at any moment, without the ability to transmit his knowledge of the field to any one whom the Church may appoint to succeed him. All our present work may thus be endangered, and all the ground may have to be dug over again. Is it not our solemn duty to send others to the side of Brother Gring, to profit by the vantage he has gained? The appeal is a strong one, and unless we listen to it we may be called to a dreadful account in the end. Let our people read the calls made upon them, and respond as those who love the Lord and wait for His appearing.

HELD UP AS A WARNING.

The *Christian Instructor* of the 28th inst., takes the account recently given in the MESSENGER, of the Organ Dedication in the Reformed church at Carlisle, Pa., and puts it on its first page with proper credit. In its editorial column it gives this note by the way of explanation and comment:

"For the benefit of any of our readers who may be longing for an organ to assist them in the worship of God, we publish in this issue a selection under the heading, 'Organ Dedication.' But some of them may say with Hazael, 'What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' Oh no, not now, but this is a world of change, you know. *Progress* is the order of the day."

We think it well enough for our esteemed contemporary to quote the account of the Dedication just at this time because the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church has decided that it is entirely proper to have organs, and many of the people of that community are in favor of using them. But that is just what is the matter. Those in the United Presbyterian Church who would be "dogs" enough to do such a thing are in the majority, and the minority, with the genial editor among them, have taken legal advice, just to see if the iniquity cannot be stopped. Of course the *Instructor* thinks the Lord on its side of the question, and, some time ago, predicted that He would send all kinds of disasters to their foreign missions in Egypt, because His people countenanced the vain things. These condign punishments did not come, however. The missionaries and mission-houses are all safe, and doing well, the blowing of the "chist o' whistles" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Indeed the missionary work of the United Presbyterian Church has been very prosperous, and Dr. Dales is reported in the *Instructor* as having said at the synod last week that the troubles in Egypt would be the ushering in of a new era of prosperity. Yet some opposed a thanksgiving service because the Assembly had approved of instrumental music. There seemed nothing to rejoice about, in view of that.

Some time ago, our esteemed contemporary proposed and advocated a day of fasting and prayer—a day of humiliation for other people's sins, even for the sins of those who use instruments in the worship of the sanctuary. The Reformed congregation at Carlisle, whose new organ has been held up to ridicule, and all people who worship the Lord by machinery, will be expected to kneel at the "mourner's" bench; but there will be a very large crowd of them, including more than half of the United Presbyterian Church.

As those who are represented by the *Instructor* lately protested against singing the well-known long-metre doxology, because it was a human composition, we suggest that the services be closed with the last part of the 150th psalm, according to the Rouse Version:

"Praise Him with trumpets' sound; His praise
With psaltery advance:
With timbrel, harp, string'd instruments
And organs in the dance.
Praise Him on cymbals loud; Him praise
On cymbals sounding high.
Let each thing breathing praise the Lord,
Praise to the Lord give ye."

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Our readers, we are sure, will be pleased with the reports of Rev. H. F. Keener, Stated Clerk of the Pittsburgh Synod. They are so much more interesting than the usual routine accounts of the proceedings that we hope the plan will be adopted by other clerks. We regret that one or two typographical errors have crept in. The name of Elder Brinker, who did so much for the entertainment of the Synod, was not given correctly last week and the types should have said that initiatory steps had been taken to establish a summer resort like Chatauqua *at* Conneaut Lake, instead of like "Chatauqua *and* Conneaut Lake." We gladly make this correction, although those who have read of the good time the brethren had some weeks ago at Conneaut could not have failed to know what was meant by the expression.

We thank Brother Keener for his promptness, and compliment him upon his success in getting out of the old ruts.

A FITTING TESTIMONIAL PROPOSED.

We cheerfully join our brethren of the religious press in giving place to the following card:

"Dr. Ray Palmer, author of 'My faith looks up to Thee,' stands easily in the front rank of our American hymn-writers. A great multitude acknowledge their indebtedness to him for the best expression of some of their devoutest and most tender spiritual emotions. His life has been one long, earnest service, which, however, has brought him no fortune but that of widespread popular esteem, affection, and gratitude. He is now residing with his wife and two invalid daughters in Newark, New Jersey, calmly awaiting the approaching sunset of his life. He is nearly seventy-four years of age and will shortly celebrate the golden anniversary of his marriage, which is also very nearly the golden anniversary of his ordination as a minister. The undersigned take the liberty of suggesting that this anniversary be made the occasion of a substantial tribute, that shall gladden the heart and the home of one who, having served so well his own generation, is destined in like manner to serve other generations not yet born."

T. D. WOOLSEY, MARK HOPKINS,
O. W. HOLMES, JAMES MCCOSH,
NOAH PORTER, R. D. HITCHCOCK,
HOWARD CROSBY, J. G. WHITTIER,
EDWARD S. A. PARK.

The source from which this suggestion comes and the number and character of the men who have heartily entered into the plan, will help to commend it. They have this advantage too, that in addition to their opportunities to judge of Dr. Palmer's eminent worth and usefulness, they know that he is dear to thousands by whom his hymns have been sung. Prof. F. M. Bird, who is the highest American authority on hymnology, says of Dr. Ray Palmer: "By general consent this name heads the list of our native hymnists." Others have written a single popular hymn, perhaps two; but no one else so many which have become universal favorites. Among those which have already passed into general circulation are: "My Faith Looks up to Thee"; "Fount of Everlasting Love"; "Jesus, Thou Joy of Living Hearts"; "Oh! Sweetly Breathe the Lyres Above"; "O Bread to Pilgrims Given"; "Jesus these Eyes have never Seen"; and "Lord, My Vain Thought in Vain Would Climb."

These hymns are familiar to most Christians and have been the solace of many hearts, not only in the public sanctuary but in the sick chamber. And now it is proposed that at the next prayer meeting or Sunday service of the different congregations, the hymn "My Faith Looks to Thee," be given out, and the pastors tell the people of the proposed testimonial to its aged author, and afford them the opportunity to give something towards the fund. It is proposed that subscriptions of *one dollar* be asked for, although this plan need not restrain liberal friends of wealth from contributing larger sums.

All subscriptions should be sent to Rev. Dr. A. H. Clapp, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, Bible House, New York City.

THE GARDEN OF MARYLAND.

We never saw the Garden of Eden, but we have seen, here and there, green spots in the desert of this world that have made us think of the primeval glory and beauty of the ancient home of sinless humanity, where, before

"Man's first disobedience . . .
Brought death into the world,"

our first parents "in sweet labors wrought," in undisturbed happiness.

In the heart of one of these modern Edens we at one time were settled as pastor. It was our privilege recently to view this goodly land, known to many as the "Garden of Maryland." As Moses viewed sweet Canaan from Pisgah's summit, so we from Mount Pleasant feasted our eyes upon the varied beauties of the Glade valley that lay spread out before us. We find the most favorable position, and to our left, in full view, is Frederick, the well known Mountain City. There the Reformed Church is a power, a very prince among the Churches of this great valley. To the right is Woodsboro, where our Church is well represented; and right in front of us is the Glade church, the magnificent farms of its members lying all around it; then Lisbon and Mount Zion (lately, Bethel;) and all these are visible from our point of observation. This is, in large degree, a Reformed territory. From the Potomac river to the Pennsylvania border our Church forms an unbroken line of membership. They are highly favored. They have the fat of the land, and enjoy every means of temporal and spiritual well-being. May they ever prove to be worthy of so much Divine favor.

But our visit is to Mt. Pleasant, from which natural observatory we have been feasting our eyes. Here on the highest point, and in the centre of the village, stands the Reformed Church, built during our own pastorate in the Glade charge, twelve years ago, to which it then belonged. We organized the congregation with about twenty members It now has eighty. Rev. A. Shulenberger has been its pastor for the past six years. The Lord has abundantly blessed his labors. The congregation is thoroughly united. A few years ago a parsonage was built, a good one, on a large lot. A missionary society is in successful operation. From having been a ward of the Classis, and greatly dependent, it is now almost self-supporting, and before long will be entirely so. This church has become the religious centre of an important community, and has already proved an infinite blessing to many.

On the 24th of September we assisted the pastor in the service of the Holy Communion. We preached five times from Thursday evening till Sunday evening. The attendance was good throughout, and on Sunday the house was crowded. It was a season of joy and refreshing to many. About eighty persons partook of the Holy Supper.

Our mind reverted to the early struggles of this people, the building of the beautiful house of worship—the first class of catechumens—their confirmation (ten in number, —then the organization, and ordination of two elders and two deacons—and the Sunday-school, which has grown to the number of eighty or ninety. God bless the Mt. Pleasant church, and all the churches of the "Garden of Maryland!" K.

We are requested to say that the "Theological Treatises" which were delivered at the meeting of the Alumni of the Seminary at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and to which we called attention last week may be had of Rev. C. H. Schoepple, Birmingham, Erie Co., Ohio. Price 25 cents.

THE WORD.

A word is the expression of an idea or thought. It is an embodiment, in the form of sound, of what the mind has conceived. The thought often fails to become clear-cut, definite and complete, until it is spoken or written. The word is the revelation of the mind. What passes in a man's heart is entirely unknown to others until it is projected into the world of sense in the form of words. Men communicate their thoughts to one another by means of speech. God also communicates with man in the same way. The word of God is the embodiment of God's thought. His will and His glorious salvation are revealed to us in His word.

Ideas rule the world. But ideas in the heart and mind, where they come into being, are powerless. They must be committed to the vehicle of the winged word before they can go forth conquering and to conquer. What a powerful thing a word is! Freighted with an idea, a thought, it is hurled into space and strikes deep and hard wherever it goes. Do you wish to give mortal offence, to wound irreparably? Lay aside your poniard and pistol. Speak a word of reproach, of scorn, of slander; and your end is accomplished. Many ancient writings, and especially the Bible, recognize this power of words. The Scriptures say, the poison of asps is under the lips of the wicked, the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. On the other hand, it is said, the words of a wise man's mouth are gracious, the words of the wise are as goads, a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

All words however are not alike. They differ greatly in power and value. The words of the wise only are commended in the Scriptures. The words of fools are light, vain, empty, without force. Words take their character from that which they embody, from the thought or the truth which they enshrine. And the thought or truth comes from the mind and heart of him who conceives it. From a man whose head and heart are empty nothing but vain words can come. From the abundance of a heart full of mischief and deceit and corruption and all wickedness, nothing but wicked and hurtful words can come. From a man of force and character, of integrity and wisdom, of a strong and broad charity, good words will come—words fitly spoken, carrying a power and force which cannot fail to be effective for good wherever they are rightly received.

The word of God has a character which is on the one hand, in perfect harmony with the general law of words, and, on the other, altogether unique, and different from all other words. It is in harmony with the law of words in that it is the vehicle of, and embodies the truth and wisdom, the will and purpose of God. It differs from other words because, as the heavens are higher than the earth so are God's thoughts higher, and in every way more excellent, than man's thoughts. God possesses infinite power, unlimited wisdom, immeasurable charity. He is just and holy and merciful and good and gracious, "beyond all comprehension."

This explains the wonderful things attributed to the words of God in the Scriptures. When God speaks He utters words of wisdom and power. His words enshrine His love and wisdom and power. He speaks and it is done. He commands and it stands fast. His words of reproof carry conviction. They are sharper than any two-edged sword. His words of pardon cheer the soul and fill it with peace and joy. When He says, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee, the sins are blotted out, that instant; and the consciousness of the fact fills the soul with peace. His words of truth are spirit and life. They create the heart anew. "With His own will begat He us by the word of truth." They sanctify us to be members of Christ, they are able to save our souls. God's message of Salvation conveys Salvation to those who receive it.

This is true of God's word spoken by Christ, writen in a book, or uttered by the voice of the ministers of the gospel. We have this treasure in earthen vessels. We proclaim God's word. We sit under the glad sound of it every Lord's day. What a wonderful word it is, when we come to meditate upon it! How gratefully and how meekly we ought to receive it into our hearts, that it may do us good. L.

We send out with this number of the MESSENGER a Supplement containing the report of the Superintendent of Home Missions which we hope will be carefully read.

Communications.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Ed. of Messenger:—Business progressed briskly on Friday. In the evening a Sunday-school meeting was held, at which good addresses were made by the brethren to whom this work was assigned. The audience filled the large church, and was interested to the close of the meeting.

On Saturday, some of the reports of the regular committees were made which elicited much discussion.

The report on *Institutions of Learning* comprised the Orphans' Home at Butler, and the Greensburg Seminary. Both these institutions are in a healthy conditions. Rev. P. C. Prugh has entered upon his work as superintendent of the Orphan Home. Rev. T. F. Stauffer, former superintendent, has become pastor of the congregation of the Reformed church, Butler, Pa. Some necessary repairs that have been made in the building, costing about $3000, and the rapid decrease in the number of soldiers' orphans, will make the call for increased support from the churches imperative during the current year. Hence the committee reported and Synod adopted this resolution:

Resolved, That the different churches of this Synod be requested to remember the orphans in their prayers and gifts, and that a SPECIAL EFFORT be made during *the coming Christmas season to meet the demands and needs of the Home.*

Saturday evening was devoted to the Orphan cause. Rev. P. C. Prugh advocated the claims of the fatherless from St. John 12:15—17.

After the superintendent's address, a practical turn was given to the meeting by the statement of the President of the Board of Directors, that some one of the brethren had suggested that Synod at once proceed to raise 100 five dollar subscriptions for the benefit of the Home. The proposition was eagerly caught up, and an enthusiasm hitherto unknown in this Synod manifested itself. The list of subscriptions grew as rapidly as names could be written, and a new proposition was made by the former superintendent to be one of *ten* to contribute a round $100. This challenge was at once taken, and that sum secured, while the other list kept on growing until very nearly all the ministers present and many elders, had given their names for five dollars. The limit was now removed and brethren sent out with papers to make a thorough canvass of the congregation for any sum, so that all might be partakers of the feast, as it was a feast in which it was good to have part, "it being more blessed to give than to receive." The results were general good feeling pervading all hearts, and $342 contributed to the Home. By the efforts of two brethren continued in a more private way, this sum was increased to the even $400, all paid in except about $70, which will be remitted to the treasurer, B. Wolff, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.

This effort was at first a disappointment to the brethren who had been appointed to make addresses, but they were given opportunity to interject their speeches between the contributions, and thus happily their *pent up enthusiasm* escaped without serious injury to themselves or others. If every congregation within our bounds now follows the example of this Synod, this debt will be cancelled, and the orphans will be fed and a surplus will remain over for the succeeding year.

The Board was ordered to send an appeal to the churches of the Synod, and also to bring the matter before the other Synods.

Greensburgh Seminary, which now receives pupils of both sexes, is reported in a flourishing condition, having had an attendance of boarding and day pupils of about one hundred during the past year. This institution was commended anew to the patronage of our people. Twenty-five per cent. reduction is made in favor of ministers' children, and the rates to all are reasonable for the advantages offered, which are as good as found at other institutions.

MISSIONS.

Pittsburgh Synod has always taken a deep interest in the cause of Missions. The superintendent's report was read by the clerk on Friday, A. M., and was listened to with good attention. The work has gone forward with energy and reasonable success. The mind and activity of the church have been happily turned into this channel, and may they not be turned out of it, until the entire land as well as all lands, shall be evangelized. For no form of activity so well promotes the growth in grace and the *sanctification* of Christians, as well as engaging earnestly in the cause of Missions, by efforts and gifts, laboring thus to increase the number of Zion's children, and to promote her prosperity and extension.

Last year a committee was appointed to report upon the matter of organizing a Church Extension Board in this Synod. The committee reported favorably, and such a Board has been elected. It consists of five members, and they are authorized to draft a constitution and by-laws to be submitted to Synod next year. In the meantime they will apply for a Charter and receive all monies contributed for the building of Mission Churches, and are instructed to secure all sums thus used by first mortgage on the churches thus assisted, so that there is no danger of losing these sums in any case, and there is also provision for their return to the treasury of the Board to be used again and again. It is rather a system of helps or *loans without interest* to struggling churches, and after the struggle is overpassed, they return the sum to the Board to help some other congregation, and thus go on doing good perpetually. This plan is certainly the right one. It will teach them the wholesome lesson of relying on self-help, and saves them from the mortification of being objects of charity any farther than the amount of interest. This debt will not grow larger from year to year, and hence they are the more likely to outgrow their debt, than that the debt should outgrow their capacity to pay it.

It occurs to the writer, that if Beneficiary work had, for the past generation, been prosecuted on this basis, the treasury of the Board of Beneficiary Education would, to-day, be full, and the number receiving such assistance might be increased, and the supply of pastors for the years to come would be insured. Many who received such aid are abundantly able to return it for further use in the same good cause. Some receive liberal salaries and own considerable estates. This by the way.

The cause of Home and Foreign Missions received proper attention on Sunday evening.

It was forcibly and well presented by Revs. Baum, Heilman, Dr. J. H. Apple and others. The collection amounted to some $20, which was handed to the Church Extension Board.

Resolutions were passed recommending the *Missionary Herald*, and urging its circulation, the holding of Missionary Conferences by the Classes and pastors, the organization of congregational missionary societies, and so using all proper effort to promote the cause and build up the Kingdom of Christ.

The Pittsburgh Synod will meet again in general convention, in the Reformed church, Kittanning, Pa., on the last Wednesday of September, 1883, at 7.30 o'clock, P. M.

This year its sessions began on Wednesday, Sept. 20, and continued until Sept. 25, at 3 o'clock, P. M., when it adjourned to meet as before stated.

This was our first meeting in a country church. It was anticipated that its members would have to suffer many discomforts, and have long distances to walk to and from lodging places. This proved to be the case only in part, and none were compelled to walk more than one and a half to two miles. The writer suffered no inconvenience whatever, as he enjoyed the generous hospitality of the good and patriarchal Elder, Jacob Brinker.

It seemed to give him true pleasure to be surrounded by the brethren of Synod, and to promote their comfort. After Synod adjourned he wept as though he had met with a serious loss. It gave him sorrow to see us depart. The good wishes of all the brethren are his, and they all invoke benedictions upon him and his.

A vote of thanks was returned by the Synod to Elder Brinker, the members of Trinity Reformed church and others, for the generous hospitality extended to its members.

Thanks were also voted the *A. V. R. Co*, for the favor of excursion rates to its members.

CLERK.

"AN EMPTY TREASURY."

Such announcement we find in the last two MESSENGERS from the treasurer of the Board of Home Missions. To missionaries dependent on the Treasury for food for their families, for clothing, as they pass from summer to winter, or winter to summer, for medicine when afflicted, such announcement is like the death knell to those bereaved of loved ones. Such a declaration was made last fall in the treasurer's report to Synod with a deficiency to meet the just dues of the missionaries of $2,700. Some of the missionaries, if not all, have keenly felt that want.

Mr. Editor: Why have we such a state of things? There is a fault, or faults somewhere. Where can it be? Is it with the church? Is it with the ministry? Are they unlike the Apostle in remembering the poor? Is it with the Synods, in their assembled wisdom, to make full and proper provision to meet the wants of her missionaries? Is it with the Board, in the want of energy and financial tact to make ample provision, and urge the church to come to their help? It is not our purpose to locate the fault, and say it is here or there. That there is a fault cannot be gainsaid. It is published to the world in the church paper, and the Minutes of Synod.

I believe the organic law of the Church is that of self-preservation, and she has the heart and the will to provide for her missionaries in lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes. When she knows of the sufferings of her servants, and the want is urged with earnest and soul-stirring appeals she will come to the rescue.

For instance: When our Orphans' Home was burned down, how grand was the rising and response. So, too, in reference to our Foreign Mission in Japan. These necessities were urged upon and appealed to the church by those in power behind the throne. They spoke as men in *earnest*, and with a *will* through the church papers, and by appeals sent to the consistories and ministers of the church. Have we any of this by the 'Powers that be," or by the Editor in Chief and his assistants, in plain, and practical, and pointed editorials through the paper? If we have, my memory is very treacherous.

Let us look, too, to the report of the superintendent to the last Synod. He reports $15,000 will be needed for the current year. The treasurer reports a deficiency for the year just ended of $2,700. The committee on Missions report their share of the $15,000, and no provision is made for the deficiency of $2,700. Several classes are reported as being delinquent to the amount of $2,000. No doubt the delinquencies will amount to the same and more for the synodical year just ending. As no provision was made for the $2 700, and supposing the delinquencies will amount to $2,000 or more for this synodical year, the indebtedness of the Board will be about $5,000. No provision is made either for new points in the meantime. Is it financial tact to make provision for less than is actually needed? Who are the sufferers by such a course? Why the poor missionaries. Why not provide a surplus, as a working capital, to supply deficiencies and new points?

What we have stated are the consequences of mere facts, spread out on the face of the minutes. Wherever the fault or faults lie of raising the means, let them be corrected. Let appeals be made. Don't make the missionaries suffer for the blunders and faults of others. They have their full share of suffering when their full appropriations are paid punctually. So thinks

EXPERIENCE.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Sunday, September 24th, was a great day of joy for the people of Nanticoke, Luzerne Co., Pa., for on that day was their new and neatly-finished chapel dedicated to the service of God. The edifice is a frame building, with a suitable cupola in front and a small room in the rear of the pulpit. The main audience-room will seat 250 persons. The whole structure cost about $2000. The festive occasion was well attended, and much appreciated by the people. Besides the pastor loci, Rev. C. Baum and Rev. Merkel, and also the pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of Nanticoke, took part in the services. The collection amounted to $250. Only a small sum remains to be raised by the people in order to release the church of its entire indebtedness. The congregation is very much encouraged. It numbers already nearly 100 families, and brother Levan thinks that 100 more families could be gathered in a short time. So soon as the contemplated parsonage is built, the congregation will call a minister for themselves. This indeed speaks well of the energetic people of Nanticoke, and our self-denying missionary of Wilkesbarre has also reason to believe that his comparatively short work among this people has not been in vain. May the good Lord prosper this field of labor also in the future, and establish the people in and around the town of Nanticoke in a firm faith in the Lord Jesus as their Prophet, Priest and King, and may they always give evidence that they are filled with the spirit of the gospel, which reveals itself in good works. C. B.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

IRWIN, PA., Sept. 29, 1882.

Editor of the Messenger, Dear Sir:—At the meeting of Pittsburg Synod held last week, Elder Jacob Byers, of the Mount Pleasant charge, submitted the proposition that he would be one of a hundred within the bounds of said Synod to give $100 each for the use of the Board of Church Extension elected by said Synod—the hundred persons to be secured during the present synodical year. Please announce through the MESSENGER that Elder Joseph Lenhart of the Irwin charge, seconds the proposition, and gives his name as one of the one hundred. No arrangements were made for the carrying out of this project, hence I take it to be the best plan for each to report through the columns of the MESSENGER. Let us hear from others.

What a glorious work our Synod may accomplish if these 100 times 100 dollars may be secured for the Board of Church Extension. Yours very truly,

A. E. TRUXAL.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Harvest Thanksgiving services were recently held in the Augusta charge, Northumberland county, Pa., Rev. George P. Hartzell, pastor. The following sums were contributed for benevolent objects, by the several congregations respectively: St. Peter's, $6.58; Reed's, $3; Snydertown, $4.56; Lantz's, $4.33; Hollowing Run, $2 57; Stone Church, $1.71.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services in the Conyngham charge, of which Rev. T. Derr is pastor, were well attended. The offerings in the Conyngham congregation were $19.25, and in St. John's congregation, $27.

Rev. James I. Good, pastor of the Heidelberg Reformed church, corner of Nineteenth and Oxford streets, on Sunday, 24th September, preached his fifth anniversary sermon, in which he stated that the church during that time had grown from 60 to 360 members. During the past year $14,000 was raised for the new church edifice, now in course of erection. The Sabbath-school, now numbering nearly 500 members, contributed $900.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Rev. J. B. Shontz writes from Shippensburg under date of September 26:—On last Sunday at 10.30, A. M., we held our Harvest Thanksgiving services. The church was handsomely decorated with choice flowers and products of the field. The church was full, notwithstanding four other churches in the town had special services. Reference was made in the sermon to the nation's bowing before God one year ago, to beg for the life of Garfield, but God *took* Garfield, but *gave* an abundant harvest and prosperity. The collection was liberal.

In the evening we held our children's meeting, at the end of the third quarter of Sunday school Lessons. Twelve illustrated lessons, neatly framed, and hung in a semi-circle around the pulpit, and over the flower decorations, making an attractive picture gallery, when reviewed. Music and poem recitations on the lessons, interspersed the services. The church was crowded, aisles and vestibule. All were well pleased.

The installation of Rev. C. H. Reiter as pastor of the Orbisonia charge took place in the Reformed church of Orbisonia, Huntingdon county, Pa., on Friday, September 22d, 1882. The services were conducted by Revs. M. H. Sangree and A. G. Dole, the former preaching the sermon, and the latter conducting the liturgical services. The third member of the committee failed to attend. Thus, this mission has been again supplied with a regular pastor, who enters upon his labors with favorable prospects of usefulness. His post office address has been accordingly changed from James Creek to Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county, Pa. W. M. D.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

Rev. P. C. Prugh's resignation of his charge at Germantown, O., in order to take the superintendency of the Orphans' Home at Butler, Pa., has called forth the following expression of regard:—

"Germantown, Ohio, Aug. 28, 1882.

"It is with feelings of real sorrow that we part with our pastor, Rev. P. C. Prugh. It was but six short years ago that he came to us, yet during that time he has so endeared himself to the citizens of this place, to the children of our Sunday school, and to the members of our church, that it seemed as though a dread calamity had befallen us, when yesterday, from the pulpit he bade us an affectionate 'farewell.' So sincere and earnest and faithful has he been in working for the Lord, and for others, that we have all learned to love him, and did we not truly believe that the Master had especially called him to be a father to the fatherless in our St. Paul's Orphans' Home, we could not suffer him and family to leave us. We will ever miss his genial face, his kind admonition, and his wholesome counsel, and our children will never forget him. Yet we believe that that which will be a loss to the church at Germantown will be a gain to the church at large. That God's choicest blessings may go with him and his, and that it may indeed 'farewell' with them, is the sincere prayer of our entire community.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

By Divine permission, the Synod of the Potomac will hold its tenth annual Sessions in Christ's Reformed Church of Altoona, Pa., beginning on Wednesday evening, October 11, A. D. 1882, at 7.30 o'clock. By appointment of the last Synod, the ensuing meeting will be *in general convention*. A punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

The attention of the pastoral charges is respectfully called to the rule of the Synod, requiring them to send the proper credentials of their delegated elders to the Stated Clerk of Synod, at least ten days before the convening of the Synod.

Arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Northern Central Railway, and the Cumberland Valley Railroad, for excursion rates. Orders for excursion tickets over these roads are now ready for distribution, upon application for them to the undersigned, by enclosing a stamped envelope in which to return them.

WILLIAM M. DEATRICK,
Stated Clerk.

Mercersburg, Pa., Sept. 5, 1882.

NOTICE.

The following programme, arranged by the Sunday-school Board of the Potomac Synod, will be submitted, to which the attention of the members of the Synod is called.

Topic 1. The Sunday-school—what it should be. Speakers—Rev. A. H. Kremer and Rev. J. C. Bowman.

Topic 2. The best way of preparing Sunday-school teachers for their work. Speakers—Rev. W. E. Krebs and Rev. E. N. Kremer.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

TO DELEGATES TO SYNOD AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have been requested to give information as to the shorter and more convenient route of the two, to Bellefonte, Pa. Inquiry enables us to say, that, from Harrisburg, the shorter route is by way of Tyrone on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. The train leaving Harrisburg at 3.15, P. M., will make connection with train for Bellefonte at Tyrone, arriving at Bellefonte, 8.55, P. M.

F.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Sessions of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will be held in the Reformed Church, Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., on the 2d Wednesday in October (11th), 1882, at 7.30, P. M.

A punctual attendance of delegates and others having business with Synod is requested.

JNO. P. STEIN, Stated Clerk.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company will issue orders to delegates and their families to obtain tickets at Excursion rates, either to Harrisburg or Williamsport, to attend the sessions of Synod at Bellefonte.

The same privilege will be granted by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to delegates to travel on their road, at reduced rates, either on the Pennsylvania Division, by way of Tyrone, or on the Philadelphia and Erie Division from Williamsport, by way of Lock Haven.

Persons desiring orders will please write to the stated clerk of Synod, No. 3948 Market street, West Philadelphia, enclosing a stamped envelope giving the names of those for whom the orders are desired.

Delegates who may be obliged to travel to meeting of Synod—on the Northern Central Railway—can be furnished with orders by Stated Clerk, to travel at excursion rates.

P. S.—As the privilege of issuing orders by railroad companies—in favor of ecclesiastical assemblies, can only be granted on conditions that a certain number is guaranteed, pastors having clerical cards will please send for orders to the Stated Clerk, and use them instead of their cards, so as to enable him in his report to the companies to fully meet the conditional requirements on which the privilege is granted.

LIST OF DELEGATES TO THE SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following is a list of the delegates elected by the several Classes to the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, to convene in the Reformed church, at Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., Wednesday, October 11, 1882, at 7.30, P. M.

East Pennsylvania Classis.

Ministers—Revs. T. O. Stem, M. A. Smith, J. E. Freeman, *primarii;* and Revs. J. E. Smith, Thomas H. Huber, J. J. Crist, *secundi.*

Elders—Thomas T. Miller, S. N. Bachman, Peter Loux, *primarii;* and W. H. Coleman, L. J. Messenger, D. Knauss, *secundi.*

Lebanon Classis.

Ministers—Revs. J. E. Hiester, D. D., A. R. Bartholomew, A. J. Bachman, T. S. Johnston, D. D., George Wolf D. D., T. C. Leinbach, B. Bausman, D. D., *primarii;* and Revs. Tobias Kessler, J. J. Fisher, L. D. Steckel, D. B. Albright, J. G. Neff, H. Leisse, D. M. Christman, *secundi.*

Elders—Lewis Kraemer, D. Schepp, Simon Boltz, James T. Reber, D. S. Raber, Charles Bower, J. G. Shoemaker, *primarii;* and Edw. Pieffer, F. Souder, Edw. Schuey, R. Weiman, J. G. Filbert, W. D. Luckenbill, F. Stoner, *secundi.*

Philadelphia Classis.

Ministers—Rev. J. I. Good, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., George H. Johnston, J. H. Sechler, D. E. Klopp, D. D., *primarii;* and Revs. D. W. Ebbert, H. M. Kieffer, A. R. Thompson, J. S. Vandersloot, J. D. Detrich, *secundi.*

Elders—M. Bushong, H. C. Hoover, J. G. Brown, W. H. Housekeeper, W. K. Gresh, *primarii;* and J. F. Unger, A. Schwenk, W. Ludwig, G. W. Stine, A. B. Cressman, *secundi.*

Lancaster Classis.

Ministers—Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., J. H. Pennebacker, J. H. Dubbs, D. D., S. Schweitzer, W. H. H. Snyder, *primarii;* and Revs. A. B. Shenkle, S. Kuhn, W. F. Lichliter, Geo. B. Besser, D. C. Tobias, *secundi.*

Elders—E. J. Zahm, J. J. Nissley, Isaac Lefevre, M. D., P. E. Gruger, Josiah Keen, Jacob Goyer, Fred. Dagen, H. C. Boyd, *secundi.*

East Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers—Revs. W. C. Schaeffer, O. H Strunck, T. J. Hacker, Rud. Duenger, *primarii;* and Revs. T. Derr, W. G. Engle, A. R. Hottenstein, T. J. Barkley, *secundi.*

Elders—C. C. Leader, George Hill, Esq., J. R. Hilbush, E. M. Knorr, *primarii;* and B. M. Bubb, Reuben Steiner, Roger Hendricks, John Hoof, *secundi.*

West Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers—Revs. A. C. Whitmer, W. A. Hass, J. H. Derr, S. M. Roeder, *primarii;* and Revs. W. H. Groh, R. L. Gerhart, L. C. Edmonds, G. P. Hartzell, *secundi.*

Elders—John Hoffer, George B. Jordan, Jacob Dunkle, S. Gemberling, *primarii;* and Samuel Getgen, H. A. Mingle, George Meyer, E. B. Kramm, *secundi.*

Goshenhoppen Classis.

Ministers—Rev. D. E. Schoedler and Rev. L. K. Evans, *primarii;* and Rev. L. J. Mayer and Rev. A. L. Dechant, *secundi.*

Elders—D. B. Mauger and J. H. Dickenshied, M. D., *primarii;* and Ezra B. Griesimer and Nath. Zorn, *secundi.*

Tohickon Classis.

Ministers—Revs. J. J. Mohr, A. B. Koplin, A. F. Ziegler, *primarii;* and Revs. R. C. Weaver, J. Calvin Leinbach, Jacob Kehm, *secundi.*

Elders—Jacob Hess, Henry Weisel, S. S. Weaver, *primarii;* and Samuel Scheetz, H. A. Heller, Jacob Lesh, *secundi.*

Lehigh Classis.

Ministers—Revs. N. S. Strassburger, S. G. Wagner, D. D., W. R. Hofford, I. E. Graeff, *primarii;* and Revs. A. J. G. Dubbs, J. H. Leinbach, J. N. Reber, A. J. Herman, *secundi.*

Elders—R. H. Kramm, Charles Bieber, A. Schreiber, Sol. Griesemer, *primarii;* and Casper Biell, Jos. Miller, Conrad Paff, Alfred Siegfried, *secundi.*

NOTICE.

Any of the brethren who have money in hand for missions, will please transmit the same without delay, so that it may be embraced in the Treasurer's Annual Account, which must shortly be closed, and also for the additional reason that the treasury is empty.

WM. H. SEIBERT, *President.*

Harrisburg, Sept. 6, 1882.

General News.

HOME.

The steamer R. E. Lee was burned on the Mississippi below Vicksburg on Friday night and twenty lives were lost.

The large sugar refinery of Harrison, Havemeyer & Co., was burned on the 25th ult. One life was lost and $500,000 worth of property destroyed.——A dwelling house on Wallace street in this city fell on the 28th ult., burying seven persons in the ruins. None of them were killed.——Serious fires are reported in the prairies of Dakotah ——The storms have done much injury at Atlantic City and Long Branch.

FOREIGN.

Affairs are returning to their normal condition in Egypt. 12,000 English troops will remain to consolidate the work. There was a terrible explosion at Cairo on the 29th ult. It is supposed to have been the work of the natives.

London, Sept. 29.—The floods in the Tyrol have reduced hundreds of wealthy landowners to poverty. The laboring class is in terrible distress. The approach of winter greatly aggravates the situation.

Vienna, Sept. 29.—Advices from Presburg report the occurrence of anti-Jewish riots at that place. The mob broke the windows of many houses occupied by Jews. The military finally restored order after making forty arrests. The military are confined to their barracks.

Acknowledgments.

RECEIVED FOR BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

TOHICKON CLASSIS, to wit: Rev Jacob Kehm, Indian Creek, $13 87. Rev A B Koplin, Lower Saucon, 30 00. Rev J Calvin Leinbach, Riegelsville, 10 00. Rev F J Mohr, Quakertown, 11 00. Rev D. Rothrock, Durham, 8 00. Rev H J Welker, Springfield, 20 00. Rev L C Sheip, Doylestown, 5 00. Total $97 87.

S G GERHART,
Treasurer Tohickon Classis.

STATEMENT.

According to a resolution passed by Tohickon Classis I send the following statement for publication in the MESSENGER:

Amount of cash received, New Assessment,		$281.12
" " paid,	" "	197.12
	Balance,	$84 00
Add. cash in treasury of Old Assessment,		$55.00
Total Amount in treasury,		$139.00

S. G. GERHART, Treasurer Tohickon Classis.

Sept. 1st, 1882.

FOR PASTORS AND CONSISTORIES.

We have, because of inquiries after something of the kind, just had published blank CERTIFICATES OF DISMISSION OF CHURCH MEMBERS, bound in book form of 50 each—with stubs—which we will furnish, *postpaid*, at 40 cents a copy. Pastors and consistories will find it useful and convenient, as well as cheap as to price. Every pastor ought to have one. We are prepared to fill orders for it. Address,

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It is a cheap and convenient way to gain useful and important information in regard to the Church, not to say, a good way to let others know our history, aim and position as a Church. Encourage this enterprise, and make it a means of doing good. The cost will be amply repaid.

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Sept. 1, 1882.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Rev. Charles G. Fisher,
Superintendent and Treasurer.

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THE FLOWER TOT FOUND.

"What is it that keeps my gay little girl
So silent this long, long while?"
"Oh, I'm tryin' to 'member God, mamma,"
Said Tot, with a happy smile.

"This morning I went to the little brook,
And what do you think comes next?
Why, I found some flowers as blue as blue,
That had for their name a text!

"The kind, old gardener just passed by,
And I was picking the posies;
He said, 'Good Mornin', little Miss Tot,'
And I said, 'Good Mornin', Moses.'

"And I asked, 'Is any one's flower-bed here,
Or did any gardener sow them?'
And he said, 'The flowers are free as air;
For the Lord Himself did grow them.'

"He smiled at me, so I smiled at him,
And he told me," said little Tot,
"These dear little own blue flowers of God
Are called 'Forget me-not!'

"There's many and many of garden flowers
With a name so long it vexes;
So I think it's kind of God to name
His own little flowers with texes!

"I picked them gently as ever I could,
And I looked in their little blue eyes,
And I kissed them softly, and brought them home,
To make me happy and wise.

"So I'm tryin' to 'member God to-day,
And I'm tryin' to forget Him not;
But I'm *wee*-ry now, with sittin' so still;"
And away flew smiling Tot.

Oh, children dear, each flower that grows,
And every bird that sings,
And the bees that hum, and the breeze that blows,
And the butterfly's painted wings,

And the rainbow-ribbon that belts the skies,
All speak, as the flowers to Tot;
They show us our Father, loving and wise,
And bid us "Forget-Him-not."

—*Christian at Work.*

PATTY'S STALK OF ASTERS.

BY P. P.

"If that isn't a little dear," said Patty, stooping to pick a stalk of dwarf asters. The blossoms were very dainty in shape, and the shade of their lavender was as delicate as if they had been dipped in a bath of that color sometimes found in after-sunset skies.

"I must take this home," continued Patty, "and put it in a vase on my table."

"Ho, Pat!" suddenly shouted some one near her, and with the shout, came a rough boy whose heels had the spring of a grasshopper in them, "what ye got?" Saying this, Patty's cousin, Tom Lampster, bowed his ragged, dirty hat down toward her.

"Hullo, Patsy!" shouted another rough voice, and another grasshopper-heeled boy jumped from somewhere and landed near Patty. "My! ain't that pretty? Where are you going to put that?"

"In my room," said Patty quietly.

This second boy was Tom's brother, Bob. He had not even a ragged hat on his head, but was as destitute of it as is a young bear of all such extra head gear.

"Why, where is your hat?" inquired Patty.

"My!" said the young bear, clapping two hands, dirty enough to be paws, to his head. "Where is she? Oh, I know. Tom, I left it down by the pond. Let's go and get it."

Away they went, starting off so carelessly and roughly that they knocked poor Patty over as they rushed against her. They did not stop to ascertain the damages, but bounded away for "Treadmill Pond."

"Oh dear!" thought Patty picking herself up. "And if there isn't Auntie Salome!"

Aunt Salome was here leaning over the garden fence, but her eyes were bent in another direction following her young nephews in their hot chase. The Lampster boys and Patty Brown were cousins, and they had come to spend a fortnight with Aunt Salome—"If," as she said "I live the fortnight out. Sich boys!" And they were "sich boys" indeed. They were thoughtless boys, impulsive and healthy, never sick, but able to give their relatives both headache and heartache. They were not really bad, but they were packed with about as much fun and steam power as can easily be put inside a boy's jacket. They had teased and teased the gentle Patty. As for Aunt Salome, she shut them up in separate rooms and sent them to bed without supper, several nights, but they were still rough Tom and rough Bob. Aunt Salome's bright spectacles were now pointed toward Patty.

"There, Patty, I saw them boys go by you and almost go over you. The careless critturs! I have scolded 'em till my lungs are sore. Oh dear," she continued to herself, "what did I ever invite them boys to spend a fortnight with me for?"

Patty went up to her chamber to deposit her flowers in a vase. There they stood, peeping over the brim of the tall vase like the round heads of little Quaker children in lavender bonnets.

"Hark!" said Patty. "Have those boys got back? I hear a noise in their room."

Patty listened. Her cousins' room adjoined the blue-walled little nest where Patty slept, and a noise in one room was heard very distinctly in the other.

"I don't hear anything," said Patty. "Let me look out of the window."

She looked out of the window on the roof of the shed that ran along a few feet below the windows of both rooms.

"I don't see or hear anything," said Patty.

But Aunt Salome saw something half an hour later when returning from a neighbor's, and she saw that "something" on that very shed-roof. Wriggling, squirming, stealing along on tip-toe, she saw two boys as they passed over the shed-roof from the window of the boys' room to the window of Patty's room. In a few minutes, she saw the same parties wriggling their way back to the boys' room, and one of them carried flowers in his hand. They crawled into the boys' room and disappeared.

"The rogues!" exclaimed the woman behind the bright spectacles. "Tom and Bob, if I ever! I caught you now, you precious rogues. I will go home and attend to it at once."

"Oh! dear!" said Patty to her aunt, as she entered the house and took a chair in the parlor, "I've lost some asters I had, and I don't see where they have gone. I put them in my room and shut my door, and I've only been down in the parlor a little while. I wanted to send them to mother and say they were from your garden. She's sick, you know."

"Don't say anything." Then Aunt Salome rose. "Tom! Bob!" Aunt Salome shouted, stepping into the entry.

The two boys came rushing down stairs, looking mischievous enough to have been cats that had just lapped up all the milk for supper.

"Now, boys," began Aunt Salome, "I think it is too bad for you to take Patty's flowers. And I saw you; yes I did."

The boys looked at one another in astonishment. How did Aunt Salome know?

"I saw you go from your room to Patty's along the shed-roof; yes I did. And it's too bad! Patty's mother is sick, and she wanted to send the flowers to her."

The boys looked very sober and Patty began to cry.

"What shall I do to you?" inquired Aunt Salome.

The boys could not answer the question, but each looked as if he expected to lose one ear, if not two.

"I have tried everything. What shall I do to them, Patty? I will let you decide."

"You—you—for—for—give," sobbed out Patty, gulping down her tears and some of her words, also.

Tom and Bob now looked very sober. This was a new style of treatment. They had been shut up in rooms and deprived of supper, and their ears had been pinched and cuffed out of shape. They could stand it all, but—forgiveness.

"Don't cry, Patty," said Tom. "I didn't know your mother was sick."

"I'll get the flowers, Pat," said Bob.

"That was too rough," whispered Tom to Bob, following his brother up stairs.

Bob said nothing outside, but inside he was declaring, "I am ashamed of myself."

And Tom had the same feeling.

The asters were returned, and that was the last of any rough treatment of Patty by the boys. They behaved better toward Aunt Salome, also.

"But wasn't it funny?" asked Tom of Bob as they were lying in bed that night.

"What funny?"

"That Aunt should see us going along the roof of the shed?"

"Yes, real funny."

"And it always happens so, too, boys," said Aunt Salome, who, passing their opened door, heard the conversation and stepped into the room. "It is always so. No man may see us, but, God's eye never, never fails to see us. Don't forget it."—*Interior.*

A man named Dunlop requested Theodore Hook to make a punning allusion to his name. "Well, just lop off the last syllable," responded the wit, "and it's Dun."

A TRUE CHINESE STORY.

An American merchant who has been engaged in the tea business for seventeen years in Hong Kong related lately some incidents which had fallen under his own observation in China which throws a pleasant light upon the character of these little known people.

"Americans," he said, "are the best fed and best clothed people in the world. It is absolutely impossible for them to realize the excessive poverty which exists among the agricultural population of Northern China. They have no food but rice and water, and seldom enough of that. There are hundreds of thousands of them who do not possess twenty cents in currency in the course of a year.

"When famine comes—and it needs but a partial failure of the rice-crop to produce famine—they are reduced to live upon earth and grass. Lots are drawn to find which of the children shall be sacrificed for the others, and the victim is brought down into the town and sold for fifty cents as a slave, the parents parting with it with a grief and despair which are, I believe, genuine.

"Female infants are strangled at birth in a 'hard summer,' because, the parents aver, it is simply impossible to feed them, and it is better for them to die in this way than by slow starvation.

"I tell you of these extreme conditions of their life to make you understand my story. I once went with some English officers duck-shooting up into these barren regions. Becoming separated from my companions, I lost my way, and asked the assistance of one of the poorest of these Chinese 'riceplanters.' He left his work instantly, and with the smiling, friendly courtesy of which, by the way, one is always sure in the poorest Chinaman at home. He remained with me from noon till dark, searching among the winding creeks and flat marshes for my companions. When we had found them, I handed him a dollar, a sum larger than he would own probably in two or three years. He refused it, nor could all my persuasions force him to take it.

"My religion," he said, "bids me be kind to strangers, and the chance to obey the rule comes to me so seldom that I dare not destroy the good deed by taking pay for it."

"How many Christians might learn a lesson of humility and faith from this poor follower of Confucius!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE STORMY PETREL.

Who would think, on inspecting a specimen of the well-known Stormy Petrel, that it was able to dig into the ground, and form the burrow in which it makes its nest? Such, however, is the case, and the pretty little traverser of the ocean shows itself to be as accomplished in excavating the ground as it is in flitting over the waves with its curious mixture of flight and running. If the Stormy Petrel can find a burrow already dug, it will make use of it, and accordingly is fond of haunting rocky coasts, and of depositing its eggs in some suitable cleft. It also will settle in a deserted rabbit-burrow, if it can find one sufficiently near the sea, and is found breeding in many places which would equally suit the puffin.

Failing, however, all natural or ready-made cavities, the Stormy Petrel is obliged to excavate a tunnel for itself, and even on sandy ground is able to make its own domicile. Off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, there are many low-lying islands, the upper parts of which are of a sandy nature, and the lower composed chiefly of mud. Not a hope is there in such localities of already existing cavities, and yet to those islands the Petrels resort by thousands, for the purpose of breeding. The birds set resolutely to work, and delve little burrows into the sandy soil, seldom digging deeper than a foot, and, in fact, only making the cavity sufficiently large to conceal themselves and their treasure.

Each bird lays a single egg, which is white, and of small dimensions. The young are funny-looking objects, and resemble puffs of white down rather than nestlings. The parent attends to its young with great assiduity, feeding it with the oleaginous fluid which is secreted in such quantities by the digestive organs of this bird. So large indeed is the amount of oil, that in some parts of the world the natives make the Stormy Petrel into a lamp, by the simple process of drawing a wick through its body. The oil soon rises into the wick and burns as freely as in any of the really rude and primitive, though ornamental lamps of the ancients.

The Petrel feeds its young only by night, remaining on the wing during the day, and flying to vast distances from the land. Owing to this habit, and its custom of taking to the sea during the fiercest storms, it has long been an object of dread to sailors, whose illogical minds are unable to discriminate between cause and effect, and fancy that the Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, as they call the bird, is the being which, by the exercise of some magic art, calls the storm into existence. They even fancy that the Petrel never goes ashore nor rests; and will tell you that it does not lay its eggs in the ground, but holds it under one wing, and hatches it while engaged in flight. To the vulgar mind everything incomprehensible is fraught with terrors, and so the harmless, and even useful Petrel, is hated with strange virulence.

Throughout the breeding season, the Petrel is indefatigable in search of food, and will follow ships for considerable distances, in hope of obtaining some of the offal that is thrown overboard by the cook. Even if a cupful of oil be emptied into the water, the Petrel will scoop it up in its bill, and take it home to its young. During the night it mostly remains with its offspring, feeding it, and making a curious grunting noise, something like the croaking of frogs. This noise is continued throughout the night, and those who have visited the great nesting-places of the Petrel unite in mentioning it as a loud and peculiar sound. The ordinary cry is low and short, something like the quacking of a young duck. By day, however, the birds are silent, and only those who keep nightly watch on the ship's deck can have an opportunity of hearing their chattering cry.

The burrow in which the young Petrel is hatched is extremely odoriferous, the oily food on which the birds lives having itself a very rancid and unsavory scent; and in consequence of feeding upon this substance, both the habitation and the inmates are extremely offensive to the nostrils. The young bird is at first very helpless, and remains in its excavated home until it is several weeks of age.—*Rev. J. G. Wood.*

JAPANESE FLOWERS.

The Japanese are a flower-loving people. They have five national flower festivals. In February when the plum-tree with its crowded blossoms is in perfection, crowds go out to Kamedo and Omurai and other places distinguished for the number and beauty of these trees. This is only a foretaste of the festival in April when the different varieties of the cherry are in their beauty. Then all the cities flock to the hills which have the aspect of a fair for two weeks. All day long crowds of all ages throng the tempory tea-houses sipping tea and cherry-blossom water. In June the wistaria festival is held, and thousands of people visit bowers where this trailer is found, and amidst feasting, singing and music, verses in praise of its beauty are written on slips of paper and are hung upon the boughs. The "iris viewing" shortly follows when the broad streams are thronged with boats, gay with flags in the daytime and with lanterns at night. The "Festival of the Chrysanthemum" occurs in October, and nowhere is this imperial flower seen in such perfection as in Japan.

THE VOWELS.

"We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us is found in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you."

SURE AND FAITHFUL.

"Charlie, Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys; and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet? Have it out!"

"Finish the game." "Try it again," cried the players, in a noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make-believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"Let him go," said a by-stander; "you can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied; and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother. I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the Common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation; and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."—*Exchange.*

ANTWERP DOG-CARTS.

Then a little blue cart, full of baskets of dead chickens, stops at our hotel, led by a blue-bloused man with brown corduroy trousers,—a delicious brown, that sends one flying for one's color box,—and a woman, dressed, as the most of the women are, in blacks and blues mixed up anyhow. The cart is drawn by three dogs. A big brown shaggy dog is in the shafts, who is evidently master of the situation and gives himself airs; and on each side of him, harnessed to swingle-trees, a rough yellow dog and a tan-and-white. Tan-and-white licks the great man's face and lies down. The big brown follows suit. But the yellow dog, who looks like a stranger lately added to the team, stands aloof, and watches the unloading of the chickens with cocked ears and a harassed expression. These little dog-carts add greatly to the picturesqueness of Belgian towns, and one feels happily certain that the dogs cannot be ill treated. Fatter, stronger, happier animals I never saw. They look after their master with eager faces if he happens to leave them for a moment's gossip or a glass of beer,—a not infrequent occurrence; and when he returns, be he butcher, baker, milkman, or dustman, the dogs tear off, barking loudly, and tugging with such vehemence against their collars that the master, nearly running to keep up with them, is often obliged to check their pace by the little rein fastened to their muzzles. But never did I see a dog struck, and I only saw one, belonging to a ragman in Bruges, who looked overworked or ill used. In Antwerp their harness is of plain leather, with a breast-strap instead of a collar. In Ghent and Bruges they have regular little wooden horse-collars, with high points rising above the shoulder like the hames of an English cart-collar. But in Brussels, as befits the gay capital, the harness of the milk-cart dogs is resplendent with brass studs and ornaments matching the burnished milk-cans.

Pleasantries.

A Sunday-school boy was asked if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

Sophronia: "What is philosophy?" Well, dear, it is something that enables a person to bear with resignation the misfortunes of others.

A Lowell paper says: The *American Poultry Adviser* is the name of a new journal that comes to us this week. We hope it will advise the poultry in this vicinity to lay fresher eggs.

"How did you like my discourse last Sunday?" asked the parson. "To tell you the truth," replied Fogg, "I was not altogether pleased with your premises; but I was delighted beyond measure at your conclusion."

We are surrounded by dangers from the cradle to the grave; and the only wonder, as an Irishman says, is that, after making our first appearance in the former, we should ever succeed in living long enough to reach the latter.

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sistermatic."

A Brooklyn boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, which he described as a sect who never quarreled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other, and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The Reformed Dutch Church in America has 500 churches and 80,167 communicants.

The 200th anniversary of the introduction of Presbyterianism into America will be celebrated next year.

Pennsylvania is the strongest Presbyterian State in the Union, having 895 churches, 849 ministers, and 130,189 communicants. New York State follows very close.

A North Carolina preacher threatens to go to work in a cooper-shop if his congregation does not lift his salary a dollar a week more. This is hooping things up with a vengeance.

A colored congregation in Austin recently discharged their pastor because he made too frequent and uncomplimentary reference to "de powers ob darkness." That kind of talk did not match the complexion of the congregation.

The Jewish New Year, 5643, began at six o'clock, P. M. on the 13th inst. Religious services were held in the synagogues. One feature of the exercises was the blowing of the ram's horn according to divine command. The Jewish Day of Atonement was celebrated last week.

In the month of October it is expected that special subscriptions and collections will be made in all parts of the United States towards making up $1,000,000 as the Centennial offering of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, "the income of which shall be given and portions of the principal of which may be loaned to aid the building of new churches."

Mr. G. C. Capron, a recent graduate of Andover Seminary, who has been for several years supplying the pulpit of the Evangelical Trinitarian Congregational Church at Wayland, Mass., has been refused ordination and installation by a council of churches, on the ground of unsoundness in theological belief, the vote being twelve to two. The deliberations of the Council lasted from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., and the decision turned on his ideas concerning a probation after death.

The Eighth Episcopal Church Congress will be held in Richmond, Va., commencing Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1882, the Bishop of Virginia presiding. The sessions will be preceded by the administration of the Holy Communion in St. Paul's Church, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The Communion Address will be given by the Bishop of Louisiana, and immediately after the service at St. Paul's Church the Inaugural Address will be delivered in Mozart Hall by the Bishop of the Diocese, and a brief memorial of deceased members read by the Rev. George D. Wilder, D. D., General Secretary of the Congress.

Abroad.

The Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Caplestone, has recently brought himself into unenviable notice by dismissing a schoolmaster for engaging himself to marry the daughter of a Methodist.

For more than two hundred years no Roman Catholic prelate, as such, has been presented at the English court, until the presentation of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, to the Prince of Wales, at a levee in behalf of the Queen at London lately. This is noted by some as a significant weakening of the government towards Romanism.

The Bishop of St. David's, England, recently reopened the parish church of Llandawke, a Norman building of great antiquity, which for years has been in a most ruinous and dangerous condition. The parish is only 620 acres in extent and all the land except the glebe is owned by a Nonconformist, while the population numbers only 21.

St. Vedast Church, London, in which the Rev. Pelham Dale carried ritualistic invocations to an extreme, was closed for months after the rector's inhibition. The Bishop lately decided to tear it down, and, as though to rid it finally of the taint of ritualism, had it opened for one Sunday service, showing the altar and its surroundings carefully denuded of the beautiful trappings which had brought Mr. Dale into trouble.

The Archbishops of Rouen and Paris and Rheims have sent a remonstrance to the French Parliament against hostile legislation respecting the Catholic church. It is said that twenty such bills are pending. They protest against the infringement of a bishop's right to open seminaries, against the arbitrary removal of priests by prefects, and against the imposition of military service on seminaries. This last measure, they urge, would make the recruiting of the priesthood almost impossible.

A cave near Beppo-Moura, Japan, had not been entered by any one for several generations, owing to a superstition that a god made his abode there, and would punish with death any one who violated his privacy. But, says the Echo of Japan, one of the tribe of doubters recently ventured in, and found there the veritable god which the mass of mankind worship. The ground was strewed with nuggets of gold. A preliminary examination has since been made, which shows that the spot is extraordinarily rich in the precious metal.

INVITATION.

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New things are coming, and fall trade is already begun. New things do not come all together. They come in a steady stream from now till Christmas. And they go in the same way. They have to. You may easily believe it, when you see our house full all the time, of goods and of people taking them away. It would be hardly worth speaking of so obvious a fact, but for the moral; which is: Buy when you find what you want; for tomorrow somebody else will be after it.

New things will crowd upon us now for mention every day. Only a few can get into the papers, except in the most general way. It will be fair to come for whatever you want, and expect to find it.

New foreign wraps have come. There are jersey coats, jersey ulsterettes, pelisses, and others. The writer of this hasn't even seen them. He has only heard of the flutter they are going to make.

Wonderful silks have come. But we must say more about the least of them than we have time for today.

We have neither time nor knowledge today to go into particulars. This is only an early notice that the store is filling up with goods for fall.

We need to say further to you who live at a distance that you needn't go to the city every time you want anything. We take so much pains to send you what you want, that you risk little in writing for goods. Let us know, as nearly as you can, what you want, and we will send you samples and prices, or take other means of finding out exactly what you do want.

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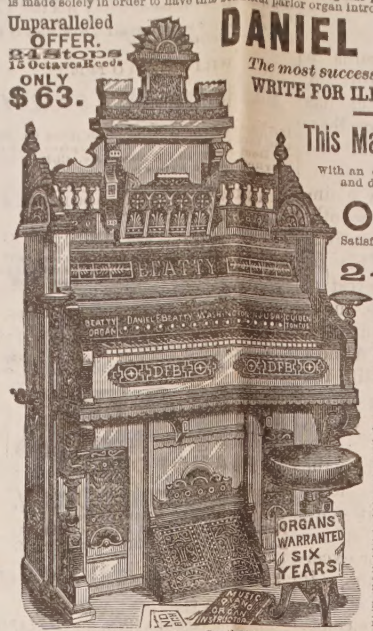

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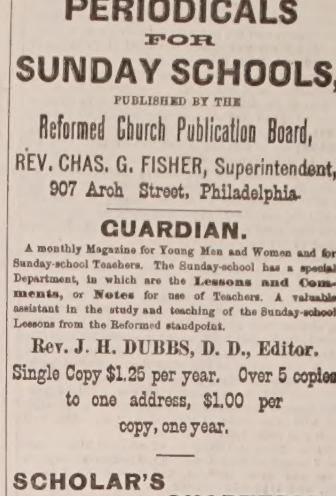
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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, October 2.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $2 75@3; winter extras at $3.25@3.75; Pennsylvania family at $4 75@5, as to quality; Ohio and Indiana do. at $5@5.75, chiefly at $5.25@5.50; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $5.25@7.75; winter patents at 6.25@7; Minnesota sound bakers' extras at $6@6 50 for clears and $6.75 for straights, and do. patents at $7.25@8, as to quality. Rye Flour was steady but quiet at $4.25@4.37 for good and choice Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales of 1 car damp Delaware red at 95c. 1 car garlic mixed red at $1; 1 car choice No. 2 red track at $1.06; 6000 bu hels No. 2 red spot in elevator in lots at $1.04, the closing rate, with $1.03 bid and $1.04¼ asked at first call for September, but closing at $1.03¾ bid and $1.04½ asked; $1.04 bid early for October, with sales of 5000 bushels later at $1.04½, closing at $1.04 b id and $1.04¾ asked; $1.05⅛ bid and $1.06¼ asked early for November, with sales later of 15,000 bushels at $1.06⅝, closing at that bid and $1.06¾ asked; $1.07¼ asked early for December, with sales later of 10,000 bushels do. at $1.07¾, closing at $1.07½ bid and $1.07⅞ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 2 cars No. 2 mixed in grain depot at 68½@69c.; 1 car low steamer do. at 69c.; 1 car good do. do. at 70c.; 1800 bushels sail mixed and yellow track at 71c., with 66c. bid and 67c. asked early for sail mixed September in elevator, but closing at noon call at 66@67⅛c. bid and asked; 5000 bushels October at 66⅛c., opening at 66c. bid and 67c. asked, and closing on call at 66@67⅛c. bid and asked, with buyers at 67c. after Board; 25,000 bushels November at 66⅛c., dropping to 66c. a ked, with 65½c. bid, but closing at 66⅛c. bid and 67⅛c. asked; 5000 bushels December at 58⅜c., opening at 58⅛c. bid, with sales later of 5000 bushels at 58⅛c., and closing at 58⅜c. bid and 59c. asked.

OATS.—Sales of 1 car rejected white at 31c.; 2 cars No. 2 mixed at 34c.; 4 cars No. 3 white at 39½c. in Twentieth street elevator, and 2 cars No. 2 do. at 42c., with 41½c. bid and 42c. asked for September; 40⅜c. bid and 41⅛c. asked for October; 41¼c. bid and 42c. asked for November, and 42½c. bid and 42¾c. asked for December.

RYE was dull and nominal at 68@70c., as to quality.

PETROLEUM.—There was an advance of ⅛c. in refined, in sympathy with the rise in crude, but the market ruled quiet. Quotations were 7½c. for refined in barrels and 10⅝c. for do. in cases.

Live Stock Prices.

The arrivals of live stock at the Philadelphia Stock Yards were: Beeves for the week, 3,500; sheep, 13,000; hogs, 3,300. Previous week: Beeves, 4,500; sheep, 11,000; hogs 3,500.

BEEF CATTLE.—The light arrivals had a good effect upon the market, as stock sold more readily than for some time past, although prices were higher the quality of the stock was better. Quotations: Extra, 7@7¼c.; good, 6@6⅞c.; medium, 5@5⅞c.; common, 4@4⅝c.; fat cows, 3@4½c.

HOGS were active and prices continued steady. Quotations: Extra, 12⅛c.; good, 12¼@12½c.; medium, 11⅞@12c.; light mixed, 11@11½c.

DRESSED BEEVES were fairly active and clored at 7¼@10c., the former rate for low Texens and cows. Sales last week: Thomas Bradley, 180 head, 8@10¼c. G. S. Dengler, 102 head, 7¼@9⅜c.; A. A. Boswell, 110 head, 7½@10c.; W. H. Brown, 145 head, 7¼@9⅜c.; J. F. Lowden, 40 head, 8@10c.; Harlan & Bro. 100 head, 7½@9½c. DRESSED SHEEP were active. Samuel Stewart sold 810 head at 7¼@9c., and 112 head dressed lambs at 9@10c.

MILCH COWS were fairly active at $30@60, with sales of extra graded as high as $80.

SHEEP were in good demand, and the market was brisk even for stock ewes, although the increased arrivals kept prices down to the last quotations. Lambs and calves were also active, and except for Western lambs prices were firm. Quotations: Extra, 5½c.; good, 5¼@5½c.; medium, 4¾@5⅛c.; fair, 4@4¾c.; common, 3@3½c.; veal calves, 7¼@9c.; York State calves, 4@4½c.; Chester lambs, 6@7½c.; Western lambs, 4@7c.

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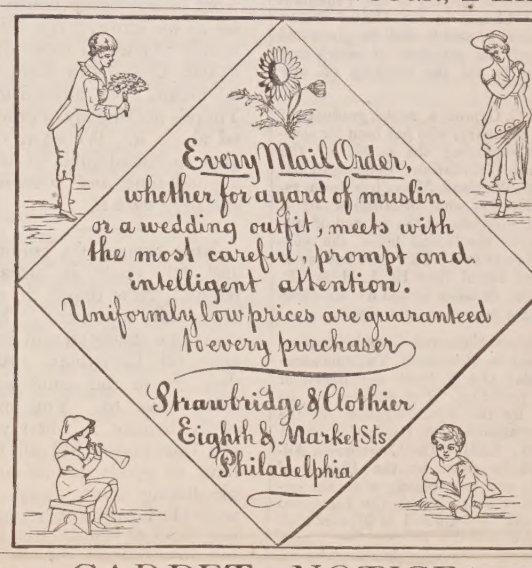

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The superior wearing quality of our own makes is well known, whilst our prices are lower.

N. B.—We have taken from our regular stock to sell as Special Bargains:
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